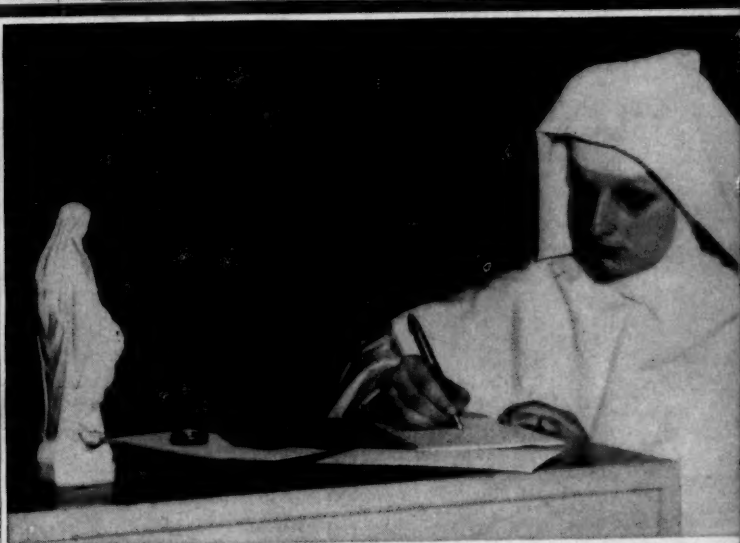


Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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IF YOU DESIRE FREEDOM, FIRST LEARN THE TRUTH



Volume 14

JANUARY, 1950

Number 3

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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald, Eileen O'Hara, Henry Lexau, Aileen O'Brien, Jeanne Dixon; Art: Kern Pederson.

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*Potsdam made them exiles, and now they find
a sanctuary in a barracks in a beautiful valley*

Priests in Rags

By WERENFREID VAN STRAATEN, O.PRAEM.

Condensed from *De Linie**

HE MIGHT have been 50, but suffering had put the stamp of 80 years upon him. Yet, I could see the fine lines of a scholar in his face. His fingers, like those of a man famished and now reaching for food, trembled with respect and longing as he took beloved books into his hands.

He was but one of hundreds of DP priests who had made their way to Koenigstein valley and the seminary set up in an old army barracks there. The seminary nestles in the Nassau hills, 15 miles from Frankfurt. I remembered my own coming. The dream valley of Koenigstein lay before me and my companions, an oasis in the German desert. Its surging golden wheatfields broke on us like a benediction, after our

desolate trek through ruins and rubble. Here there was peace.

Koenigstein is three things. It is primarily a seminary. But it is also a refuge for DP priests, and a retreat house for priests working in the Protestant areas of Germany.

They turn up from everywhere, those refugees. They come from the grim regions of Saxony and Schleswig, the rubble-strewn plains of the West, the enormous shifting colonies of the big cities, the sprawling derelict camps, even from the land of terror, the Soviet zone. They are haggard. It is a long time since any of the priests owned a cassock, or even a dark suit. I see them come dressed in odd pieces of discarded Allied uniforms, in the moth-eaten cutaways that donors'

* *Rozengracht 133, Amsterdam, and Katholieke Digest, Tiensestraat, 13, Leuven, België.*
October, 1949.

grandfathers had worn on their wedding days. They come in caps, old straw hats, ragged felts, or bare-headed. Many are distinguished only by a frayed Roman collar; others look like miserable workers clad in rags, unrecognizable as priests.

Many a war veteran is among them, leaning on his stick, or dragging his wooden leg. Many are scholars or scientists, for whom this brief respite from horror serves only to underline their loss. Those are the ones who fondle the seminary's few books so lovingly. A few young ones come, too. Those are passionately concerned with the sufferings of their people. They refuse to consider security for themselves, as long as their scattered flocks have no hope of returning home. Their words make strange music, of love and hope and the eerie strength of those whose faith lies in God alone.

Koenigstein stands on the frontier of civilization, a spiritual bastion from which a new army assaults the kingdom of darkness. Is it coincidence that this new seminary for proscribed Germans should be an old military barracks? That the seminarians' "cassocks" should be the tattered remains of their last uniform? Koenigstein has called to the best of the Germans of the East to enlist under the banner of the Cross.

And they are the best, the tall lads who, in the full strength and glory of their youth, heard the call

of God and answered without counting the cost! The land of their birth has become a forbidden land; their families are scattered; they were torn from towns and villages to suffer the blind misery of eviction and flight. They hail from everywhere: from the old German-speaking islands of Bukovina, from Bessarabia, Rumania, Bulgaria, the Hungarian plains, Silesia, the Sudetenland. Some of them are survivors of the death march that began in East Prussia, others have dragged their weary limbs through the agony of the camps of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Few of them hope ever to see home again, ever to know what happened to mother, father, sister, whether their families are alive or dead. They are tragic young flotsam amid the chaos of the 18 million lives wrecked by Potsdam.

Those young men, together with a handful of foolhardy youngsters who slipped out of the Russian zone at the risk of their lives, are 350 seminarians in all. They have poured life back into the old barracks. Here they train for spiritual battle; here they study, pray, work, and long for the priesthood. They have made the seminary livable. They themselves made its rough chairs and tables. Stripped to the waist under a blistering sun, they dug with a will, and poured the foundations for a chapel they are raising out of nothing.

It was a mad project from the

beginning, and they were mad to come. They had no books, clothes, money, nor food. But one thing they did have: the flame of vocations they had kept burning bright through the storms of their tragic youth. From Tunis to Leningrad, from Norway to Italy, God had tried the mettle of their souls. Here, at last, He allowed the heavy tread of their soldiers' boots to give way to the measured cadence of young voices lifted in prayer at the altar steps: "*Introibo ad altare Dei.*"

If the priests God is forming at Koenigstein are the poorest of the poor it is because they share the grim heritage of the wandering, pariah mass they are to serve: the 18 million human beings the Potsdam decree* inhumanly tore from their homes and drove out empty-handed. They are to be the priests of this human wreckage.

Apart from this primary function, Koenigstein has another, not less important. It is also the refuge of all "displaced" priests. Here they receive what help can be given them: a shirt, blanket, book; a few marks; advice, a friendly letter, the address of some Good Samaritan willing to help them. Here they find a last tenuous thread to link them with a dead past.

*Issued by the U. S., England and Russia from their conference in July, 1945, after the fall of Germany. Potsdam pushed both the east and west boundaries of Poland westward. Thousands upon thousands of Germans in Poland's newly acquired territory were driven from their old homes into territory beyond the new west Polish frontier.

Imagine what Koenigstein must mean to such priests as they, most of them old. They have been dumped, together with 6 million other Catholics who survived the mass deportations, into wholly Protestant districts of Germany. In their exile, they must carry the further cross of spiritual loneliness and isolation.

They cannot find churches, tabernacles, organized religious life, nor even sympathy in that Protestant countryside. Their destitute parish stretches out, usually, over some 30 towns and villages. They celebrate Mass five times on Sundays. They are underfed, exhausted. They must trudge on foot from place to place, in all weathers, without respite, baptizing, preaching, marrying, consoling. Even so, most displaced Catholics die without the solace of the sacraments because it is literally impossible for the priest to reach their deathbeds in time.

The ears of those priests ring with their people's cry of agony, and they are powerless to succor them. During four long years they have wracked tired brains for new words of hope to keep the vacillating flame of faith alive in hearts where hope has been murdered; but they must constantly face the brutal fact that, apart from spiritual consolation, they have nothing to offer their pariah flocks but empty words. They cannot promise anyone a home, a shred of clothing, a blanket, nor give a crust of bread. Theirs

is the voice crying in the wilderness of total destitution.

They are the priests of the 18 dioceses partially or wholly emptied of their German inhabitants. Those Germans, in long starved columns, plodded the dark miles into exile, fetching up in the razed cities of the West or on the desolate plains of the diaspora. The priests were 6,000 strong when they started. Today they number 2,800.

This remnant of priests exists, mostly, on sufferance, in the garrets or cellars of Protestant houses. There they live, and eat, and sleep, sharing their shelter with the Blessed Sacrament. There they celebrate Mass, and receive the faithful, and from there they set out on their weary rounds. The greater number are old: 300 are over 70, more than half are over 50. Only 36 are under 30.

Would you like further details? One priest from the Sudetenland is 61. His parish is composed of 27 villages and he covers 1,500 miles in six months, on foot. Another, a Silesian this time, is 64. He suffers from heart trouble, but looks after 31 villages in a mountainous district, celebrates Mass four times on Sunday, and walks 66 miles a week. In the diocese of Berlin, where the lack of priests is catastrophic, some priests must attend to the wants of 70 or 80 localities, alone and unaided.

Koenigstein is indeed a blessed island of peace for those men. The

moving spirit of Koenigstein is saintly Monsignor Keldermann, once a professor in his Sudeten homeland. Now, with his brilliant pen, his flaming word and unshatterable faith, his patched cassock and prehistoric DKW car, he is the very heart and soul of this refuge of scholarship, charity, and burning missionary zeal which he brought out of nothing.

In summer, Koenigstein lapses back into silence. All the seminarians scatter to fields or factories; to mend roads or clear away rubble; to lay bricks or go down into mines: to do anything for money to keep their seminary alive. Only some of the professors, some nuns from East Prussia, and a few Catholic Action volunteer typists live in the barracks. But almost immediately the doors open again for the retreats, the *tagung*, or meetings, of the displaced priests. This year 300 such weary priests were able to spend a few blissful days at Koenigstein, relieved by the western clergy.

Yes, 300 of those priests, condemned by man, ostracized by the world press, denied by Christendom, but chosen by God and marked most especially with the sign of His love, were at Koenigstein. They had lost the habit of thinking of themselves. But the clipped, casual story of their life and work, the scars of their suffering and martyrdom, the complaints and demands they would not have dreamed of voicing—all of this rose before my

eyes, a frightening, crushing indictment of our time.

Not for an instant do I wish to deny or excuse the sins of Germany. But this punishment we have devised is an abomination in the eyes of God. By their joint action, the triumvirate of Potsdam lost forever the right to point an accusing finger and condemn in others crimes against humanity and genocide. Potsdam was a mortal sin against nature, and the frightful chaos that was unleashed by one cold flourish of a pen will turn on us and engulf the whole of Christendom which, either through stupidity or hypocrisy, deliberately closed its eyes. There can be no doubt: if we turn men into beasts, the beasts we have created will turn on us. They will smash through all barriers in a devastating wave of destruction over what we are pleased to call our civilization. The virus of revolution is not kept out by customs officials.

And yet, all things considered, this is not the worst aspect of the question. Far worse is the fact that through the narrow provincialism of our souls we have turned the Universal Church into a petty caricature of her true self. Had we a flickering of charity in our hearts, the feeblest understanding of the meaning of the mystical Body of Christ, storms of indignant protest would have risen in the four corners of the earth; trains of relief, comfort and help would have come from every country.

While we stand by and gape at this shocking human ruin, the proscribed heroes of Koenigstein work. In the name of Christendom, their fight must be our fight. The spiritual blockade against Germany must be broken, and whoever feels in his heart the flame of Christ's love, desire for the coming of God's kingdom, is in duty bound to come to the rescue.



Gracious Living

THE Carthusians of Parkminster have a little "shopping list" placed in each cell through a hatch, an opening through which the monk receives whatever he may need from the outside.

The short list contains such items as: loaf, half loaf, matches, boot polish, tapers. There is a little hole beside each item, and the monk puts a peg into the hole beside the item he requires.

There are two other entries on the list. They are the words *Please* and *Thank you*, also with holes and pegs so that the appropriate courtesies may be exchanged although silence and solitude remain unbroken.

Brigid de Vine in the Universe.

The choir started in a prison and ended in Carnegie Hall

Father Flanagan's Circus

By FULTON and WILL OURSLER

Condensed chapter of a book*

FATHER FLANAGAN'S Boys Town was born in a financial crisis. Original contributions were claimed by the builders, and payments owed on the land still had to be met. Little was left for food, clothes, and fuel. As bills from grocers and dairies piled up, the stores grew distrustful.

"The food is all in the truck, Father," a deliveryman would say, "but I'm not taking out one loaf of bread until you fork up the money. You know how it is—a lot of people think this whole scheme will crash and you never will be able to pay."

More than once the food was returned. The situation called for a drastic remedy. Presently the harassed Father Flanagan thought he had devised a solution, a new way to carry his project to the public. In the front yard a crowd watched a dancing Negro youth; boy specta-

tors sang and clapped hands. Other boys in the home also sang and danced, Father Flanagan reflected, and there were lads with various talents, including a young juggler. Why couldn't he put together a group of performers and take them on the road, a band of juvenile minstrels and vaudevillians, a show dramatizing the story of the home and its needs?

Once before, Father Flanagan had sent out his boys' band on a brief trip, by train. Now railroad travel would cost too much. He had another flash: why not use horse-drawn wagons, gilded and red, like a circus?

A factory in Omaha made carnival wagons. From them, Father



*Father Flanagan of Boys Town, 1949. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

Flanagan bought secondhand equipment. Word leaked out about the garish preparations that were going on at the home: many conservatives in Omaha mumbled in their beards. What kind of a new tomfoolery was Flanagan up to now, with his household of young desperadoes?

Unperturbed, Father Flanagan organized his exhibition. The first step was a talent hunt. There must be an interval before tryouts and rehearsals when boys could practice specialties: one trying to yodel, another endlessly repeating a trumpet solo, a third doing cartwheels outside the dining hall. The home for neglected boys began to sound like a rehearsal hall off Broadway.

Those not lucky enough to win a spot on the program competed for the job of repainting the circus wagons. Across the side of each wagon glittered the words: FATHER FLANAGAN'S BOYS' SHOW—WORLD'S GREATEST JUVENILE ACTORS.

When the show was ready, the entire population of the home gathered for a noisy sendoff. The wagons glittered in the sun and the brightly polished harnesses of the horses jangled as they pulled through the gate.

An amateur advance agent, hired by Father Flanagan, arranged bookings. First stop would be Fremont, west of Omaha. The tour was to be under direction of Pat Norton, but Father Flanagan decided to go along as far as the first stop. He would not miss opening night.

AT FREMONT the advance agent had done a good job; there were stories in the local paper, and a half-page advertisement: "Father Flanagan's Boys' Shows! Hear the 16-piece Boys' Band! See Humpty-Dumpty's Fall! Orators, Dancers, Actors, Soloists, Comedians, Choruses. Adults, 50c; Children, 25c. More enjoyment and entertainment than ever before offered for the price of admission."

Somewhat overenthusiastic, perhaps, but it had the desired effect. The town auditorium was jammed. Keyed up after weeks of preparation, the band played loud and harmoniously. Specialty performers went through dance routines, skits, and monologues with inspired precision. One boy sang *Mother Machree* and another *If I Only Had a Home, Sweet Home*. Weeping by the spectators was ecstatic and wholly enjoyable.

From the wings Father Flanagan watched nervously, as worried about the show as any Broadway producer at a premiere; and, like such professionals, frightened most of all that the audience might laugh and applaud in the wrong places. But, as act followed act, applause grew louder; by the last curtain, people were cheering. The show and the boys were a hit. Convinced that they had only clear sailing ahead, Father Flanagan left the show in command of Pat Norton.

Everything went along smoothly for the next few weeks. Night after

night they would play a town, then pack the show back into the wagons and start off for the next town, jogging slowly over the Nebraska roads. As they neared a place, local boys would gather to welcome them, and later march behind the departing wagons. Many were the lads who wanted to "run away with the circus," until Pat Norton gave them a little talk about how lucky they were to have homes of their own.

But the enterprise was not making a profit, its primary aim—although it was also a friendship tour, which would produce contributions in the future. The shows just about covered expenses and paid off the original investment. But business fell off as the excitement of the performers began to die down; everything, even travel, became routine, and the company was in a kind of doldrums.

Then, like many another show troupe before them, they ran into sudden, unexpected disaster. It struck in a little town 300 miles west of Omaha.

As they rode into the village there were no boys at the edge; no one came out to greet them. This was unusual, because in all other towns, officials had cordially received them. Pat Norton climbed out of the lead wagon to investigate. It did not take long to piece together the bad news. No booking had been made in this town, and no auditorium was available. Worse, from what he could

gather, they had no bookings beyond. Because of Ku Klux prejudice, the advance agent had run into booking troubles and had departed for parts unknown without informing them. In all their red-and-gold glory the troupe was stranded.

PAT NORTON telephoned Father Flanagan that they were almost broke; only a few dollars left, just about enough for one more meal.

"Stay put in the village," ordered Father Flanagan. "Let the boys sleep, as usual, in the wagons. Tell them not to be alarmed. It will be all right. I'll be on my way, first train out."

It was a downcast group he found waiting. But he refused to be heavy-hearted. He had brought along some extra money; the cost of running the wagon troupe was low, and if they were careful, they could work their way back to Omaha, playing concerts in the open and passing the hat. He would stay with them all the way.

The emergency plans seemed to work for a time, but they took in less than they spent; little by little, funds were running out. By the time the wagons arrived on the outskirts of Lincoln, all money was gone. It was afternoon, and none had eaten since breakfast. The only prospect before them was a dismal one; the towers of the penitentiary. As Father Flanagan looked at those gaunt bastions, he smiled feebly.

"You know," he told Pat Norton, "the warden is a friend of mine. I think he may be having unexpected company."

The red-and-gold wagons rumbled toward the prison gates. On the towers, guards trained machine guns down at the strange caravan. The same guns, swinging slowly, followed the hungry priest as he informed the entrance guard that his boys were anxious to meet the warden. Only a short wait and the warden was greeting Father Flanagan like a lost brother. The priest was apologetic. He realized he and his boys were dropping in unannounced. But as long as they were passing, he thought he ought to stop in and say hello.

"Of course!" the warden exclaimed with a wink. "Why, this is wonderful. Say, Father, now that you're here, I've got a favor to ask of you. Would you let your boys give a show for our men?"

So it was all settled, as hoped. Naturally the warden entreated them to stay to dinner, since the show would be in the evening. And there was a place outside the walls where the wagons could bivouac for the night.

That prison executive was of Scotch descent, and perhaps he had second sight. He said to Father Flanagan: "You've come too late for lunch; there's no way I could take care of you for that. Except one thing, Father: there's a cantaloupe patch over yonder. The mel-

ons are just coming ripe. Think maybe your boys would like to sample them?"

"Those melons were the most unforgettable cantaloupes we ever met," Father Flanagan told us.

They gave a good show that night, and when it was over, the convicts yelled for more.

"But they've done all they know," Father expostulated.

"Couldn't they all sing a little?" the warden suggested.

Well, back home they had sung hymns; they would try a few here. The boys by now were real troupers. Sure!

It was no great musical achievement: a group of unfortunate boys singing the Gounod *Ave Maria* before 500 convicts. Most earnestly they sang, lost in the music. And the criminals, murderers and rapists, underworld creatures of every breed, were deeply stirred by the chorus of young voices lifted in praise of purity and goodness and motherhood.

As he listened, Father Flanagan was also stirred; his mind was running back to Rome and the Vatican choirs; his thoughts also spilled into the future. Someday, he was thinking, there must be a choir in his home. A real choir of 100 voices. Not an improvised group like this, but a choir so fine it would sing in all the great concert halls of the country. The dream of the Boys Town choir was conceived in the Nebraska State prison.

But that dream would be a long time coming to a head. Right at the moment, they were broke, full of music, and glad for this respite in the penitentiary before they started out again the next morning.

NEVER had there been such gloom in the home. To Father Flanagan, it was a bitter defeat. He had planned the tour of one-night stands as a way of winning public support, and in Broadway terminology he had to admit that his show had flopped.

But on that point Father Flanagan was mistaken. They had failed temporarily, but not in the job of winning help. Messages from new friends began to reach the home: letters from fathers and mothers, from town officials and teachers of the towns where they had played. Some enclosed checks, others cash; all said about the same thing: they were glad to have seen how fine were his boys; not cowed little lick-spittle inmates, but buoyant, cheerful young citizens, deserving of help.

Confronted with such friendliness, Father Flanagan revived. He called in Norton and others; the idea of the traveling show, he told them, had worked better than they had dared to hope. He was going to try it again.

From a banker in Omaha he borrowed additional capital. But this time he wasn't having any circus wagons. The boys would go by

train. They would travel into nearby states, where the home was now becoming known. And for the new tour they hired a professional advance man of wide experience.

Results of this tour dazed Father Flanagan. What he had not realized was that the story of the stranded circus wagons had spread throughout the Middle West. People had resented the bigotry that finally blocked the tour; had smiled and wept over the show in the penitentiary. Already the story had become a legend. Everyone knew about the boys and everyone wanted a chance to cheer them along. This time there was no doubt about their success. They played to packed houses at night and kept up their studies every morning. Just before Christmas they returned home with a real profit. They had won new friends and the boys themselves had widened their horizons.

This was a bright time for Father Flanagan. The main building was finished in late fall, and the boys had already moved in. They had weathered the storm, the bills were paid on building and land, and contributions were increasing. Father Flanagan could look to the future now with high hopes and confidence.

IN THE next few years he sent many troupes out during summer months, touring the West and South, and staging a completely new show each "season." Eventually the boys trav-

eled in their own private car, which displayed a glittering sign, FATHER FLANAGAN'S BOYS' SHOWS. The boys cooked their own meals, sure of getting proper food, and they saved on hotel bills. Sister Nellie went along on some of the trips, serving as mother, confidante, and friend to the boys.

Not always were they greeted with smiles in those days when the Klan rose to its greatest power. There were occasional incidents. In one town a group of frowning men warned Pat Norton that the boys had better not show up for the evening performance.

"If they do, there's going to be trouble," the leader promised. "Somebody's going to get hurt." Norton stood his ground. He could not call off the show; the tickets were all sold, the people were coming. And what harm could there be in the performance?

The harm, it appeared, was the fact that they were from Father Flanagan's home. Anxious to avoid trouble, Norton finally had to agree that the name of Father Flanagan would not be mentioned. The boys would simply be introduced as from Overlook Farm. That seemed to appease the prejudice of the community, and so it was done.

Sometimes there was trouble, too, because the troupe included boys of all races and religions. One day they were lunching in a hotel, while the train kitchen was being repaired, when Norton discovered that

one of his boys was missing. Search revealed that the woman who ran the little hotel had forced the Negro child into the kitchen to eat his dinner alone.

Norton told her emphatically that the boys always ate together and that there must be a place for him at the dinner table. There was a place set for him, all right. And the dinner was in the kitchen, ready to be served. But the mistress of the inn had disappeared; she preferred to spend the night elsewhere.

Norton did not let her disappearance upset their plans; in spite of her vanishing act, they would not be forced to leave; they would still sleep the night in her untended hotel. After the meal Norton went behind the desk and passed out room keys. To the Negro boy he assigned the best suite in the hotel.

OFTE^N couples in the audience would remain to ask if they could adopt a boy.

"Why, if I were to let people take my boys," Father Flanagan would reply, "I'd come home with no boys at all."

No one was ever allowed to adopt a boy directly out of the show. But there were cases where they were adopted later by applicants from the audience, after investigation.

There was also the everlasting problem of boys who wanted to join the troupe. One night a small boy, ragged and dirty, marched himself into the private car. He was about

ten years old, and he wanted to know: "Can I go on the train with you, Father?"

Even as he asked the question he was frightened to a point where he was trembling. Gradually Father Flanagan calmed his fears and drew out his story. His name was Hans; he had no idea where his parents were. He lived with another boy in a shack. He sold newspapers to buy food. The next morning a checkup showed that the boy's story was true; the ten-year-old had been living for months in a filthy shack.

Most of the townspeople, Father Flanagan learned, had known nothing about the case. Now that he was taking the child with him by authority of a local judge, everyone was anxious to help. When he took Hans down Main street on a shopping tour, the merchants treated the ragged child as a celebrity. They gave him shirts, socks, shoes, and two new suits.

"None of which would have been necessary," Father pointed out, "if anyone in that town had loved the child in the first place."

FATHER FLANAGAN's faith in the therapeutic value of music deepened over the years. "I have seldom known of a boy who could sing and loved to sing who turned out bad," Father Flanagan once declared.

During the late 20's and 30's his troupe tours were abandoned. Music and singing were confined to ac-

tivities around Boys Town. The band played at games and gave informal concerts, and there was a loosely formed choir, solely for chapel services. But Father had not given up the dream of a traveling choir. Tenaciously he had held onto that dream, and finally, in 1941, he brought to the home a tall young priest, ordained only a few months before, Father Francis Schmitt.

"I want you to build the finest choir of boys in the country," Father Flanagan commanded, with a grin. "I think we've the material to do it."

Father Schmitt, organist as well as singer, had given many years to the study of harmony and composition, continuing his musical training all the time he was preparing for the priesthood. For two weeks he put volunteers through their trials. Incredible falsettos and premature basso profundos could be heard all over the place.

Once having chosen the most likely prospects, he moved them all into a separate dormitory. "They live like any of the other fellows," Father Schmitt explains, "but we do try to keep them from yelling themselves hoarse in some free-for-all just before a concert."

On the top floor he installed a library of records and sheet music. Here the boys come to listen to the classics. Light operatic music, spirituals, and folk songs are included, but no jazz, no swing.

The choir grew slowly, while he

taught the vocalists harmony, musical forms, even the biographies of the composers whose works they sang. And presently the work began to take on importance in the home; to belong to the choir was almost as slick an honor as making the football team. There was even a "second-string" choir for those not making "the first squad."

The first major choir concert was in the Joselyn Memorial museum in Omaha. Few of those who came anticipated a real concert. They were prepared for amateurish efforts, which they would feel bound to applaud. What they heard astounded them: a magnificently trained and disciplined choir, capable of holding its own with anything similar in the nation. Cheers rose that night for a new musical group of real distinction, which had thrilled its first audience. Until the war's end in 1945, the boys sang at bond rallies and in army camps. With travel restrictions lifted, they started on their first real tour in 1946: 40 boys in a train heading forth to sing in great concert halls.

First, they sang in the vast Municipal auditorium in St. Paul, Minn. Again, on opening night, Father Flanagan was in the wings, but the audience he peered at was no mere few hundred, as once long before in Fremont; tonight the boys were singing to 9,000 people.*

It was an ambitious program, highlighted by Faure's *Requiem*

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov., 1946, p. 79.

and the *Ave Maria*. Encore after encore was demanded; when the boys woke up the next morning they found themselves and Father Schmitt hailed by the music critics for a brilliant achievement.

Wherever they went it was the same story. Symphony hall in Boston, Carnegie in New York, and Constitution hall in Washington; Pittsburgh, Peoria, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Throughout America the fame of the choir from Father Flanagan's Boys Town began to grow. Immediate profits were not great, because of high overhead and operating expenses. But contributions from impressed auditors provided real dividends.

It was hard for strangers, hearing the singing of these boys, to realize that any of them had ever been in trouble. How could you look at those uplifted faces, as they sang the *Ave Maria*, and believe that some were only recently on the road to being hardened criminals? Skeptics indignantly charged that the choir was not a real cross section, that it was a hand-picked group. One woman reporter interviewing Father Flanagan pointed to a lad in the tenor section and demanded: "Are you going to tell me that sweet-faced boy was ever in any trouble with the police?"

The choir is no "showcase unit," no display window of carefully selected items. Behind every lad in Boys Town there is some story of tragedy, mostly homelessness and

neglect, parents who walked out or who lacked the means to make a home for their child.

THE CASE of Enrique, a Mexican youth who had been in difficulties at the home, confirmed Father Flanagan's faith in music. Everyone had hoped he would straighten out under the Boys Town program. Instead, he ran away repeatedly, 15 times in a few months.

At last the Boys Town psychologists reached what they thought was the root of his problem. The boy felt he had no talents; he did nothing very well. There was no field in which he excelled as other boys. The trick was to find some field in which he might be able to become a champion.

Inquiry disclosed that although Enrique had no voice, he nevertheless did sing at times when he believed he was alone. Always off key, sad to say. But in spite of that, the psychologists called in Father Schmitt.

For weeks Father Schmitt tried to bring Enrique to a point where

he would stay on key with the others. At first the boy took little interest. He would laugh when his mistakes were shown to him. Even so, he began to improve gradually.

After three months Father Schmitt was able to turn in an amazing report. Once this boy had gotten over his original feelings of inferiority, and actually desired to learn how to sing, he sang better. Father Schmitt declared him good enough to be a choir member. Not the second team—but the "first squad," that would go on tour.

From the moment Enrique heard that news he became a new person. His whole outlook on life changed. His work and deportment blossomed, and of course the runaway problem was cured.

Some months after the runaway had been graduated from Boys Town, Father Schmitt received a letter from him. Enrique had been listening over the radio to the world-famed Vatican choir.

"It was good," he wrote, "but you know, I did think some of the phrasing was just a bit sloppy."



Bottoms Up, Toes Up

IF YOU are a married man who absolutely must drink booze, start a saloon in your own home. Give your wife \$20 to buy a gallon of whisky. There are 128 ounces in a gallon. Buy your drinks at retail from your wife. When the first gallon is gone, your wife will have nearly \$60 to put in the bank, and \$20 to start in business again. If you live 10 years, buy all your whisky from your wife, and then die with snakes in your boots, your wife will have enough to bury you respectably, bring up your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man, and forget all about you.

Catholic Advocate.

This bum's story had a new twist

It Happened on Skid Row

By JOHN McKEON

Condensed from the *Catholic Worker**

HE SAT loosely, half-sprawled in the darkened doorway of the Catholic Worker. "You think I'm drunk." He said the words with no hint of question in them, removing the last soggy inch of butt from his mouth and flinging it into the gutter with a motion as stiff as a doll's. "Or nuts."

He might have been either or both and starved to boot, but the night was far spent and all the beds taken. I had nothing to offer but the hardest charity of all, the willingness to be bored by listening helplessly to a repetition of the oldest story in history: "The way it happened to me was . . ." But this time the parts didn't slip into the timeworn grooves, and the tale had a new twist.

He had been a high-tension wire worker, face to face every day with death. Like most of his kind he had been innocent of any formal religion. He lived the given job, the given danger, the given relaxation. He lived without thinking of past or



future, yet with an intense and melancholy awareness of the transience of things human.

He had worked winters in the Rocky mountains, on the emergency crews who repair power lines broken by sudden blizzards and who, in the spring, return to San Francisco or Los Angeles to squander their back pay in one long Homeric splurge. It had been on one of those returns that a fellow worker, a Catholic, had taken him to an Easter Sunday Mass in a church in Los Angeles. He grinned as he told about it, flattening his lips against toothless gums.

"I was young and stupid," he said, "and it was the first church I had ever been in. We were fresh out of the mountains with 750 bucks in back pay, and I was still wearing my safety belt and shackles. I remember tossing them in the vestibule of the church before I went in." He stopped, dragging deep on his cigarette and exhaling slowly. "There were all those candles and

*115 Mott St., New York City, 13. October, 1949.

vestments, and the priest was making funny motions and speaking some kind of language. I couldn't figure what was going on, but I had a hunch it was important. Anyhow, everybody acted like it was important. It was better than a play." He grinned mirthlessly again. "When I left I wanted to go back and give the priest \$10 because I enjoyed it so much but the guy I was with had more sense and told me to stick it in the poor box. After that I went off and on and then regular, and a couple of years later I took instructions and joined the faith."

"That was how it began," he said, "and it was like God was testing me. I was young then and had plenty of heart. Plenty. I was built like a young bull. Even yet," he said, and he rolled up his sleeve, and showed the still full swell of deltoid and biceps among the wasted sinews. "I really had it then," he said, not in anxiety that he would not be believed, but in a kind of reminiscent wonder.

"In '32 I was working on the Jersey Flats for the New Jersey Power & Light, and one night that winter one of those trimotored passenger planes crashed into a power-line tower, and the power failed all over Hoboken and up to Jersey City. They called us out on emergency and when we got there the plane was crumpled on the ground with the lines wrapped around it like spaghetti. The passengers inside

were frying like strips of bacon.

"There were 64 linemen standing around that tower and when the foreman asked for volunteers there wasn't anybody who'd go up it in the rain while it was still shot hot. You know what that means, shot hot? That tower was 100 feet high and just like an electric chair every inch of the way to the top. It had 132,000 volts and if you slipped going up or working up on top, brother, you were done. And that repair job would take an hour. They paid us high for those jobs but there just wasn't anybody who was having any."

His eyes glittered as he spoke, re-creating that night 17 years ago: the crumpled plane, the dead passengers in the wreckage, the newsreel men, the silent group of linemen, the tall stalk of the tower looming overhead, and the blue flames at the ends of the broken wires, spitting like cobras in the darkness.

"It was like a test," he said. "Like God was testing me to see whether I had heart enough or courage enough. There were 63 other guys but it was like I knew I was the one He wanted. So I got out in front and said O.K., I'll go up. It was like in a church, no one said anything. They all thought I was nuts. I stripped to the waist, and brother, it was cold. That rain was turning to sleet but I had to strip. I wouldn't have a chance if my jacket was to touch that tower. I

tied the legs of my pants with twine to make them as skintight as I could because the only part of me that could touch had to be in rubber—my shoes and my hands, that's all. I was praying, man, hard, when I started up and I was praying all the way and every minute until the job was over. It was 90 minutes by the clock when I got down, but I did the job. They wanted to give me a bonus for doing it but there wasn't enough money in the world to pay me for going up there and it wasn't for money I did it."

He sank back in the doorway as though exhausted, and for a time we were both silent, each with our thoughts. The rumble of a heavy truck sounded faintly from Canal St. and then died away in the direction of Brooklyn bridge. The night was quiet with a faint, scarcely perceptible twinge of autumn in the air. Summer was dying, the fiestas over, the barrows of the street vendors along Mott and Mulberry selling broiled sausage, shrimp, and pork were gone, along with the stands of the pizza merchants, the mounds of popcorn and fresh roasted peanuts. The fierce, choking heat of a Bowery summer had disappeared. Overhead the moon shone like a pawnbroker's smile, giving the appearance of warmth but the effect of cold.

The man in the doorway straightened and leaned forward. "March the first Ash Wednesday Holy Year Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-

three," he said, threading the words together glibly and easily like a set and often delivered speech. "That's when I got it," he said, smiling in explanation. "Got what?" I asked. He hesitated for a moment, nerving himself for what he was about to say. I waited quietly. "When I got the privilege, when I asked . . ." he stumbled, and then recovered. "When I got the privilege of carrying the Cross." He spoke quickly now, not looking up, the words coming in a flat rapid monotone. "I was a convert, and I was eager. It seemed like I couldn't do enough to get enough of the faith. It was like I had to make up for all the time I had wasted and so I offered myself to take some of the suffering."

"And so your offer was taken?" I said. "Yes," he said belligerently. I shrugged, covering the awkwardness by offering a cigarette. Most persons no longer quite believe that sanctity and ragged strangers can be traveling companions. It is easier to associate sanctity with the cloister than with Skid Row.

I looked at him closely, but there was nothing to set him apart from hundreds, thousands of others who pass through the coffee line at the Catholic Worker house. Could it actually be true that in the century of penicillin and atomic energy a man could be chosen to help carry the Cross? Curiosity pressed a hundred questions but charity forebore. Besides, it would be discourteous to

question a saint closely about his personal relationship with God. Either he would tell or he would not.

"Someone has to make up the difference," he was saying, his voice rising. "How many meals do we offer up to God for the starving children of Europe, China, the world? How many personal sacrifices for the conversion of Russia? How much of our wealth do we pour out to help the people of India, the ones who die like flies from hunger and disease? I was in India once for two years, drilling artesian wells for the English 200 miles outside of Calcutta. Two years is all any white man can stand it. You know how it is out there? I could sit here all night and every night for a week and I couldn't get you to see it. I've seen children born in less decency and comfort than an alley cat in America. They're born hungry, live hungry, and die hungry, in misery, filth, and despair. You wouldn't treat a homeless dog the way those people are treated. It's hard to call them people; they're animals and yet they're human souls, children made in the image of God, and how many of us pray, work, sacrifice for them?"

He went on speaking of India, drawing a picture of superstition, filth, parching heat, snake-ridden huts, of the natives of the back country villages who could not bathe because never in their lives had they seen more water at one

time than would fill a calabash water bottle, who look on cobras as sacred, refusing to kill them, and who have the highest infant mortality rate in the world.

"We used to move from one village to the next, drilling the wells, and when we got the pump in, the natives would huddle around in a mob, not believing what was going to happen, even though they had been told, and when I turned that valve I felt like Moses striking the rock. You couldn't quiet them down for two weeks; they used to live under the open valve like June bugs in a sink—the whole village bowing down, worshiping the fact that they had water enough for all to drink, to take a bath in, to irrigate their miserable little gardens, and afterward when you passed in the street they'd bow down in the dirt before you in thanks. And how many of us worry about them in this country and sacrifice a meal for them?"

"I was young and strong and I had a heart, and I wanted to do something, so I offered myself. Now I'm not young and my left shoulder and arm and side are crippled up with pain and I can hardly eat solid food, but I'm not quitting the job that was given me. Someone has to make up for the selfishness, the not caring, because I'll tell you something. . . ." He flexed his arms wearily. "It'll be a rough day when no one offers himself any more."

I stood up, silent. As he disap-

peared into the darkness a phrase that he had spoken earlier crossed my mind: "You ask, you ask, and yet when God gives what you asked, it's not what you wanted when you asked for it." Perhaps he was right. Asking a favor of God is like unwinding a spool of thread: there is always so much more to it than we imagined and the heart of the spool is hidden from our sight until the

very end. Safer to ask for nothing and to accept and return thanks for what is given, knowing that the God of the Beneficent Act, beneficent in human terms, is also the God of Thunder and of Holocaust. He gathers His creations to Him with sweeping gestures in wars, plagues, famines, and earthquakes, and His is a Name not lightly invoked.



Squelch Emphatic

THE public-speaking class at the University of Pennsylvania was in session. At last a big Irishman was called upon.

He went to the podium, shrugged his shoulders once or twice, and began with, "There ain't no place in dis here union for guys who don't want to follow rules." For the next five minutes he slashed the King's English.

When he finished, the professor commented on the speech.

"I thought your speech had a fine message for an audience," he began sarcastically, "but your language, well, it bordered on *dees, does* and *dem*. Hardly the way you talk. I'm afraid I can't exactly approve."

The hulking Irishman rose. "Sir," he said, "it is true that I normally do not use the language of my previous speech. But I'm a union leader, boss of hundreds of men. If I got up in front of them and spoke high and mighty as you want me to, I'd be out tomorrow. I learned to go along with the boys years ago. They understand me . . . so I'm still top man."

With that the union leader sat down and there was no further comment from the professor.

James R. Kelley.

Squelch Courteous

SISTER IMELDA was one of 40 nuns attending summer school at a great university. The weather was trying. The professor's self-assurance and vanity tumbled over one another in his every tone, phrase, and gesture.

One muggy morning the professor called on Sister Imelda. She began, "I think," and went on. The professor looked sharply at her.

"Sister Imelda, let me remind you that people who say 'I think' generally do not!"

Sister Imelda's reply hung in the air a moment, but it came, timid and crushing. I'll bet a bevy of giggling angels looked over the shoulder of the Recording Angel as he wrote down the episode:

"I don't think I agree with you, professor!"

Peter Ibbet.

*The museum visitors have
a right to be skeptical*

St. Peter's SPECS

By KATHARIN A. DEMPSEY

Condensed from the
*Boston Sunday Globe**

IN THE Tapestry Hall of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, about midway down on the left, there hangs a huge old tapestry depicting in soft, beautiful colors the story of the Apostles' Creed. In the lower left-hand corner is the figure of St. Peter. One thing about this figure has aroused a great deal of curiosity.

St. Peter is wearing eyeglasses. A Biblical character wearing spectacles appears vaguely frivolous to museum visitors. They constantly whisper questions. "They didn't have glasses in those days, did they?" "When was this tapestry made, anyway?"

The spectacles themselves have a curious shape, rather like a thick, inverted wishbone. The round, heavy frames holding the two lenses are joined by a clumsy, curved, connecting piece which extends upward to the forehead, against which its mushroomed end rests. This rounded part, at the joint of the wishbone, looks like one of those rubber vacuum cups that people

stick to their car windshields to hold articles that appeal to their whimsy. Unlike the pince-nez, these glasses were not designed to ride upon the nose; they seem to hang from the small suction cup stuck to the forehead.

It is unlikely that St. Peter, a humble fisherman, ever owned such a luxury as eyeglasses. If they existed at all in his time, they were undoubtedly classed as jewelry. However, there is a remote possibility that some rich follower may have presented him with a pair.

The first mention of glasses in history is in the writings of Confucius, about 500 B.C. He claims to have relieved the eyes of a cobbler with them. The glasses were supposed to have medicinal properties, but there is no record that Confucius knew anything of the laws of refraction. Marco Polo records that when he visited China in 1270, the people were using lenses. In that period superstition and etiquette governed their use.

The Chinese believed a tortoiseshell frame would extend their normal period of life. Glasses were worn to indicate position, possessions, professions, intelligence, and even idiocy.

There is a record of a gentleman in the Ming Dynasty, 1260-1368, who traded one of his finest horses for a pair of glasses. But if the few Chinese spectacles preserved in modern collections are a fair sample, we may assume that these

heavy quartz lenses could have served no purpose except as ornaments. The frames were similar to those worn by St. Peter, but were held in place by long silken cords that passed over and behind the ears, and hung down in front of the shoulders, weighted by metal ornaments.

The tapestry containing the figure of St. Peter was made in Brussels in the latter part of the 15th century. At that time there were street vendors in Europe who sold crude spectacles both for adornment and as an aid to vision. Spectacle making had become a trade like shoemaking or horseshoeing. Lenses were ground, fitted into frames, and sold in the streets. The buyer merely selected what he thought was a suitable pair.

So, against the slim possibility that eyeglasses were known to St.

Peter, must be weighed the knowledge that they were widely known and fashionable when this artist began his tapestry, 400 years ago. It must be remembered, also, that artists often chose as models their wealthy patrons. The figure in the corner of this piece may well be a faithful portrait of the artist's benefactor, and not an attempt to be true to an historical legend about St. Peter.

To presume that the saint might have worn a pair of quartz glasses merely as a personal ornament is incompatible with the history of this humble and holy man.

Incidentally, one of the earliest references to spectacles in Europe is a tombstone inscription dating from 1317. It reads: "Here lies Salvino d'Armato of the Amati of Florence. Inventor of spectacles. God forgive him his sins."

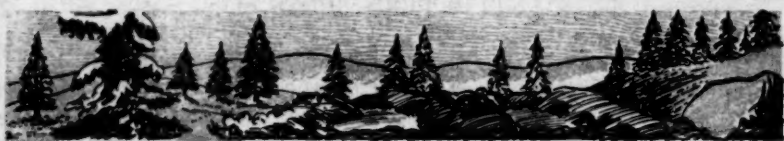


Gifts and Giveaway

THE BIG THREE were in conference. Roosevelt reached into his pocket and produced a massive white-gold cigarette case which he passed to each. Inscribed on the cover was the message, "To F. D. R. from the American people." Churchill offered his a little later. It was platinum. Under the crest of empire ran the letters, "To our Winnie, the gift of the people of the British Commonwealth."

The conference went on and on. Finally Stalin pulled out a natural-gold case studded with emeralds, rubies, and amethysts. Each studied and admired it. Each noted the inscription, "To Our Beloved Count Esterhazy from the members of the Hungarian Jockey Club."

J. K. Black.



*The Polish people put together
the pieces of a tragic puzzle*

The Mystery of Katyn

By EUGENE LYONS

Condensed from *Plain Talk**

WHEN the Red Army, by agreement with Hitler, invaded Poland in September, 1939, it carried off 250,000 prisoners. Three former convents in western Russia — at Kozielsk, Starobielsk and Oshtakov — were turned into special detention camps for the more valuable prisoners. Here some 15,000 officers, cadets, gendarmes and frontier guards were placed.

Until April, 1940, the prisoners corresponded with friends and relatives in Poland. But early that month the camps began to break up. Their evacuation was completed by the second week of May. Though led to believe that they were going home, the prisoners, a few hundred at a time, in fact were put on trains for Russian destinations.

One group, 448 men drawn from all three camps, was separated from the rest and moved to Griazovets, near Vologda. Those men continued in touch with the outer world; mail

addressed to them at their original camps was forwarded to their new one. But the rest, about 14,500, were never heard from again. Their mail to the old camps was returned to senders stamped "Return—departed." More than nine years have passed, but not one of them has given any sign of life.

Through the handful of survivors at Griazovets and other sources, Polish authorities found out that the Starobielsk prisoners were detrained at Kharkov, those from Oshtakov at Viazma, those from Kozielsk at the village station of Gnezdevo, near Smolensk. At each of these terminals the Poles were packed into buses in batches of 30 or more and hauled off to no one knows where. Having delivered their human freight, the vehicles returned for more until the job was completed.

In June, 1941, Hitler smashed the pact of friendship with Stalin by invading the Soviet Union. The Pol-

ish government in London at once joined forces with Russia against the common foe. A formal alliance between the two nations followed in August.

In accordance with its terms, a Polish army began to form on Soviet territory from prisoners amnestied by Stalin's order. General Anders emerged from his long ordeal of torture in an NKVD prison to head this force. He counted confidently on the thousands of officers in Soviet detention, among them 14 generals, for his command personnel.

From all corners of the Soviet, liberated Poles, sick, fevered, emaciated, in rags, flowed to the Polish training camp. Among them were several hundred officers from Griazovets, some others from NKVD prisons. But not a single one of the 14,500 others showed up.

Weeks passed, then months, without a sign of life from the prisoners evacuated from those three convents. The underground in Poland was alerted. It reported that evidently not one of the 14,500 had returned home or written to his family.

Anxious, then desperate, inquiries were directed to the Soviet authorities. A Polish commission was set up inside Russia to investigate. It labored tirelessly but to no avail. A vague hope that the missing thousands might be in the Arctic, cut off by winter, faded out when spring came, then summer.

At the Russian end the Poles met

only embarrassed and confused evasions. At first Soviet officials took the line that all the men had been released in April and May of 1940. Since none of them had reached Poland, however, this patent lie was soon dropped. Thereafter everyone, from the Soviet Ambassador in London to Stalin in the Kremlin, settled on an exasperating formula: the men had been duly freed but their whereabouts were unknown.

THEN on April 13, 1943, the bombshell burst. German authorities announced that in a forsaken area of pine woods and juniper shrubs called Katyn forest, near Smolensk, they had discovered mass graves of about 10,000 Polish officers. On account of a peculiarity of the soil, the corpses were still fairly well-preserved. All of them, according to the announcement, had been killed in April and early May, 1940, by revolver shots in the back of the head—almost an official method of execution by Stalin's police.

The date of the massacre was obviously vital. It would determine whether the Smolensk area was in Russian or in German hands when the crime was committed. It was fixed, according to the Germans, by thousands of newspapers, letters, diaries found on the bodies and in the graves.

In seven of the mass graves, none of these documents bore a date later than April 22, 1940. Diaries stopped abruptly at that point, sometimes

with a scrawled entry about the journey from Kozielsk to Gnezdevo in foul wintry weather. In an eighth grave the latest date indicated was May 11, 1940. From carved crosses, cigarette cases and other keepsakes in their pockets, and from the names of hundreds who could be identified, it was clear that all the victims had been brought from the same place: the camp at Kozielsk.

The Germans therefore charged flatly that the men had been murdered by their Russian captors in April and May, 1940.

The Soviet retort, after a few days' silence, was a countercharge of "lies, fabrications, hideous frame-up." The Russian version was approximately as follows.

The Polish prisoners of war from all three convents were transferred in April and May of 1940 to three camps, 15 to 33 miles west of Smolensk, to work on railroad repairs. In the summer of 1941 they were captured there by the German invaders. A few months later they were murdered and buried in Katyn forest. But in early 1943, with the loss of that territory to the Russians imminent, the Germans decided to throw the blame for the crime on the Soviets. Accordingly they dug up their victims, removed all papers bearing dates later than May, 1940, added corpses with "touched-up documents," and in April staged their bogus discovery.

The Poles in London were well aware of the cynical, lying Nazi

propaganda techniques. They knew that no species of ghoulishness was beyond Goebbels' imagination. But in this instance the German story fitted too well into what little was already known to be brushed off lightly.

The grisly burial place was only two miles from the Gnezdevo station where the Kozielsk prisoners had been detained. The alleged dates of the massacre coincided with the weeks when the prisoners had been suddenly engulfed in silence. It seemed remarkable, moreover, that the Russians should now offer such a detailed and explicit story, though they had been unable to supply any information before the bodies were discovered.

Normal Soviet procedure was to evacuate prisoners in the path of the advancing Germans. In cases where the evacuation could not be carried out in time, prisoners were "liquidated" to keep them out of the enemy's hands. It is hardly credible that the most valuable body of prisoners in Soviet custody, the flower of the Polish officers' corps, would have been left as a prize to the invaders. Had their abandonment been unavoidable, certainly such a serious loss would have been promptly and fully reported to the higher authorities.

The Polish government sent underground units to the scene. They confirmed the exhumation, the identity of the victims, the fact that the documents were readable. But they

placed the number of corpses at about 4,000. Evidently the Germans, knowing how many Poles were missing, used the higher and more sensational figure; indeed, they searched the surrounding woods and marshlands diligently for additional graves. The Russians, incidentally, have followed the Nazi lead in adhering to the larger estimates—no doubt because the actual number of Katyn corpses (4,253) leaves more than 10,000 not accounted for.

THEN the Polish government proposed that a neutral commission under auspices of the International Red Cross make an impartial investigation. The Germans immediately agreed. The Soviets not only rejected the proposal; they made it the pretext for breaking off diplomatic relations.

In August, 1943, Berlin made public a report by a European Medical commission composed of scientists drawn from 13 countries—Nazi-held countries, except for a Swiss professor. Its findings supported fully the first German announcement.

A few months later the Red Army captured the Smolensk area. A Soviet commission, without even a representative of the Polish stooge group, the Lublin committee, again dug up the bodies at Katyn forest. Its report, in January, 1944, repeated the original Soviet version: The "11,000 Polish officers" (the estimate was raised) were killed by the Germans in August and September,

1941; more than a year later the bodies were dug up and the documents "edited" in preparation for the sham discovery of April, 1943.

One revealing episode must be told at once. A group of foreign correspondents was brought to the scene from Moscow to see the corpses and interview the Soviet investigators. Scores of local witnesses whose testimony was exhibited had all repeated the August and September dates; so had the scientists. But American newsmen asked a simple question that threw their hosts completely off balance. If the men had been massacred in August, why were they wearing overcoats, woolen scarves, fur gloves and other winter clothes?

The only answer they got was that the Smolensk climate was unpredictable and that August, 1941, had been a wintry month. This was a crude lie improvised in panic. Weather data and inquiries among former residents of that region have left no doubt that it had been normal summer weather.

Thus two totalitarian states, both of which were perfectly capable of mass murder, accused one another of the Katyn holocaust.

The readiness of Berlin to permit the International Red Cross or some other neutral body to examine the facts, and Moscow's furious refusal, cannot be ignored. But beyond that there is a long array of direct and indirect proofs all pointing in the same direction. I shall limit myself

to those that seem to me most striking. This or that piece of evidence or logic may be open to argument, but their total weight seems to me conclusive.

Only two sets of dates have been advanced. Either the Poles were murdered in April-May, 1940, in which case the Russians are guilty; or in August-September, 1941, in which case the Germans are guilty.

Which set is more credible?

The heavy winter clothing virtually rules out August, when the mean temperature in the Smolensk region is 65 degrees. It is entirely consistent with April, when the mean temperature is 40 degrees. In summer weather the prisoners might have carried their winter garments with them in bundles, but they would scarcely have worn woolen underwear, sweaters, and greatcoats.

Moreover, as the European Medical commission pointed out, no traces of insects were found on any of the bodies or in the graves. In that marshy forest area, teeming with summer insects, this points to a cold-weather burial.

ANOTHER circumstance is worth mentioning. One of the mass graves, No. 5 in the record, was in ground lower than the rest; it was the closest to the marshy part of the area. When it was excavated, underground water welled up. This grave could not have been dug to that depth in warm temperature; it must have

been made in winter or early spring when the ground was frozen.

Young spruce trees had been planted to camouflage the graves. Microscopic analysis by experts of the European commission established that they were five years old and had been transplanted when two years old. The three-year interval corresponds to the time between April-May, 1940, and the discovery of the corpses in 1943.

Now consider the Soviet hypothesis of a German frame-up. Suppose the Germans had murdered their Polish captives in August-September, 1941, and subsequently manipulated the evidence to shift the blame to the Russians.

The frame-up theory does not stand up in the light of common sense. Though relatively well-preserved, the bodies were virtually mummified; flesh, clothes, and contents of pockets were welded together. Removing objects from pockets required fine scalpel work in slitting cloth and extracting papers without damaging them. The Soviet story asks us to believe that the Germans, 17 or 18 months after the original burial, removed every scrap of paper from 4,000 corpses; separated those of the "wrong" dates; and then replaced the rest in the mummified pockets without leaving traces of the elaborate operation!

The normal mind rejects this picture as preposterous. Some incriminating letters, cards or bits of news-

print would have escaped the most painstaking revision. Diaries with entries later than May, 1940, might have been removed and destroyed. But how does it happen that the diaries found in the graves end abruptly with April, 1940, entries? Why would so many prisoners have chosen to stop keeping their private record at the same time? In none of the diaries is there any indication of torn-out pages.

The supposition of a frame-up using thousands of newspapers and scraps of newspaper is especially far-fetched. Hundreds of scraps had been used to wrap small personal belongings found in pockets. The Germans would have been obliged first to find thousands of old Soviet papers of the proper date to "plant" on the corpses. Then they would have had to unwrap those objects and re-wrap them in older scraps of the proper date! The whole procedure is not believable; that it could have been carried out without a few revealing slip-ups, without some exhumed object being found wrapped in post-dated paper, is too great a strain on belief.

About 250 victims had their hands tied behind their backs, and in some cases their greatcoats tied over their heads. These no doubt were prisoners who offered resistance. The rope was indisputably of Russian make. The method of tying it, an ingenious knot which grew tighter the more the victim struggled, was one that is almost standard in Soviet

police practice. Also, many bodies showed bayonet wounds on their thighs and backs; without exception they were of the radial, four-blade pattern inflicted only by Russian bayonets.

We can scarcely credit the claim that German killers in 1941 went to such lengths to divert suspicion to the Russians in years to come. It is a claim ruled out by another curious fact.

The bullets were of a German make, from the factories of Genschow & Co. This must have seemed so damaging to the Germans that they were careful not to mention it in their first announcements. Later it was established that the Genschow firm had produced arms and munitions almost exclusively for export to Russia and the Baltic countries.

But if the Germans had used a Soviet method of execution, Russian rope and bayonets, to conceal their crime, would they have been so careless and stupid as to use German pistols and bullets? They had plenty of captured Soviet arms. Thus the German origin of the bullets argues strongly against the whole frame-up theory. The Soviet report, as a matter of fact, did not claim the bullets as evidence against the Germans.

Moscow's story presents another challenge to common sense. All the missing men, it states, had been in the Smolensk district in camps (exact location, curiously enough, not given) for 14 months before the out-

break of the Russo-German war. Why had their mail been returned to senders, though mail to prisoners in other areas was being delivered? Even assuming that a tight censorship had for some undisclosed reason been imposed only on these 14,500, it seems too much to believe that not one of them, working on the roads, had failed to smuggle out a message to some friend or relative.

At Gnezdevo, it will be recalled, the Poles were taken away in small batches by an autobus, which then returned for more. According to entries in diaries, these vehicles returned at intervals of about half an hour. That would be about right if the destination were Katyn forest, two miles away.

The verdict is inescapable. The 4,253 Poles unearthed from common graves at Katyn forest were murdered by Stalin's NKVD.

Where are the prisoners of Starobielsk and Oshtakov? By analogy we must assume that their mass graves are somewhere near Kharkov and Viazma, respectively. The very fact that the Kremlin persists in lumping all these prisoners together, and in placing the Katyn total at 10,000 or 11,000, betrays an anxiety to divert inquiry from the victims not yet located.

That the postwar Warsaw regime made an unpublicized investigation of its own has become known only recently. A prominent Krakow lawyer, Roman Martini, was put in charge. Apparently the communist

rulers erred in choosing an honest man. Martini's report not only flatly accused Soviet Russia of the crime but named some of the NKVD officers in command of the grim job. This we know through a colleague of Martini who escaped to Sweden and published the whole tale in the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* of Feb. 13, 1948.

Several days after he had delivered his report and returned to Krakow, Roman Martini was assassinated by two young communists, according to the Stockholm account. The killers were arrested, but quickly "escaped" from the Krakow penitentiary.

Two pieces of intelligence that seem to fit into the jigsaw puzzle deserve mention.

The first is a story recently spread in London and credited to a member of the Soviet Embassy there. We have no way of knowing, of course, whether it is wholly or even partly true.

According to this account, Stalin was asked by the Red Army what he wished to do with its fat catch of Polish officers. Stalin thereupon took a piece of his personal stationery and wrote on it one word: Liquidate! It is a word of many meanings, and perhaps the dictator did not mean physical extermination. But the Red Army chose the most gruesome interpretation and turned the bloody task over to specialists in such matters, the NKVD.


The second involves "General"

Zygmunt Berling, a Pole who early cast his lot with the Soviets. In the late spring of 1940 he was among a group of "cooperative" Polish officers meeting with Soviet military and police officials, including the head of the NKVD, Lavrenti Beria, and his deputy, Merkulov. They were discussing the formation of a Polish unit for the Red Army.

At one point Berling asked per-

mission to interview certain high-ranking Polish military men, with a view to enlarging his staff. Beria's reply was cryptic. Neither Berling nor the others—from whom we have the story—could fathom its horror until three years later, when the mass graves were uncovered.

"Unfortunately," Beria said, "these men are no longer available. A mistake was made."



This Struck Me

We are sometimes a bit too lenient with the so-called scientific atheist who challenges us to prove beyond a doubt that God exists. He accepts the atomic bomb without having seen an electron, yet he glibly asks for proof of One whose effect upon the world is far more obvious and potent than that of the atomic bomb. Lecomte du Noüy shows how no one can truthfully say the world and man did not come from God.*

There is not a single fact or a single hypothesis, today, which gives an explanation of the birth of life or of natural evolution. We are therefore obliged either to admit the idea of a transcendent intervention, which the scientists may as well call God as anti-chance, or to simply recognize that we know nothing of these questions outside of a small number of mechanisms. This is not an act of faith but an undisputed scientific statement. It is not we but the convinced materialist who shows a powerful, even though negative, faith, when he obstinately continues to believe, without any proof, that the beginning of life, evolution, man's brain, and the birth of moral ideas will some day be scientifically accounted for. He forgets that this would necessitate the complete transformation of modern science, and that, consequently, his conviction is based on purely sentimental reasons. An honest man, endowed with scientific curiosity, should not need to visualize God, any more than a physicist needs to visualize the electron. If we could really conceive God, we could no longer believe in Him because our representation, being human, would inspire us with doubts.

*In *Human Destiny* (1947, Longmans, Green and Co.: N. Y., London, Toronto, \$3.50).

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.



Twelve years was a long wait,
but now it seems to be worth it

No Christmas Like This Christmas

By MALCOLM CARRON, S.J.

Condensed from the *Jesuit Bulletin**

FRANZ X. KIERMEIER is a stocky Bavarian with a rich guttural accent that makes you think of pumpernickel and schnapps. He is also a man with memories.

At the Jesuit college at West Baden, Ind., last Christmas he recalled, as if it really did not matter much, that of his last 12 Christmases, no two had been spent in the same place. Alert Jesuit ears stretched on this one.

His first Christmas was in the Jesuit novitiate of the Upper German province at Tisis, Austria. It was crammed with the unexpected, a load of little things adding up to a holiday glow that no one would ever suspect existed in a novitiate. He remembers listening on the vigil of the great feast to the pleasant sound of flute, violin, and choir warming up for the occasion. He remembers, too, the smell of freshly waxed floors, fir trees, spices.

But suddenly the preparations were over and the evening gave birth to a round of surprises, exciting and memorable. There was the program put on by the 2nd-year

novices; the choir coming around to the dormitory at midnight, awakening him with the sweet strains of *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*; the solemn Mass in the evergreen-decked chapel; and the second Mass with Community singing "that gave everybody a chance to pour out his full heart in the old Christmas melodies."

After the second Mass the Community went to the refectory for tea and honey. As he puts it, "The tea had a very worldly smell, as if the Brother Cook had by mistake put a bottle of rum in the teapot. The Brother always said that hot tea was good for the stomach and the honey would smooth the voices which have a hard time on Christmas."

That first Christmas was happy, "something like heaven." But the next one, he went on, was even better, since it was spiced by a *coup d'état* adroitly worked out by the German Father Provincial.

Earlier in the year the government began closing Catholic colleges, and forcing the students to attend state schools. Stella Matutina college, a

Jesuit boarding school at Feldkirch, a mile from the novitiate, received orders that the boys were not to return after summer vacation. Later, just before Christmas, the Father Provincial had unofficial word that nazi officials planned to visit the vacant school; they had their hearts set on the place for their own use. To prevent loss of the building all the novices were hurriedly dispatched to the college.

When the officials arrived, their pure Aryan eyes were treated to a peaceful, orderly novitiate scene. In each room, large enough for 10 or 15 students, were three novices deep in spiritual reading and well protected by piles of books taken indiscriminately from the college library, "to give the place a more scientific look."

After the government men recovered from the first shock of seeing such studiousness and piety gathered in one spot, they asked, "How come? This college is supposed to be vacant."

The Father in charge answered quite honestly and without even a trace of mental reservation, "These young men are engaged in an ascetical philological course preparatory for philosophical and theological studies to be followed . . ." He got no further. The nazis were not yet ready to go on public record as persecutors of religion. The group held a hasty consultation—and departed very quietly.

"That Christmas," he says, "turn-

ed out to be one of the most impressive in the Society. Everything was in big style. There were big rooms to mop, big rooms to decorate, and a big church in which we could sing as loudly as we wished without danger of shaking any statue from its pedestal."

Even after Christmas the good spirits of the novices were well maintained, principally through the efforts of a provident Father Minister. The good man had found a copious store of cider and honey in the college cellar. In fear that the nazis would return and "the good stuff would fall into the hands of the heathen," the thoughtful Father Minister ordered (that is the word) the novices to "drink as much cider as they could and to eat honey until the boxes were empty." Franz Kiermeier remembers this Christmas affectionately as his "honeymoon."

In the summer of 1939 he was inducted into the army. He said, "I packed my grip and returned the third volume of Rodriguez to the library." (Father A. Rodriguez's three volumes on the ascetical life are required reading for novices.)

Christmas Eve found him in a "bunker," a concrete fortification ten feet underground on the western border. There he sat, wondering how a Jesuit celebrates Christmas in a bunker. But celebrate he did. "We commemorated the feast," he says, "by reading the Gospel for the midnight Mass and singing Christmas hymns."

The next years, war years, were depressing and sorrowful—the Christmases more so. He took his vows in 1939, going AWOL for the occasion. In 1940, he went to the Polish provincial's residence in Warsaw in search of Jesuit brethren. What he found was "a Community suffering from hunger and cold, the provincial a grieving Father, in sorrow and worry over more than 100 of his sons scattered about in concentration camps. All in all, the saddest and most miserable Christmas in my life." Sad and miserable are the words for Christmas, 1941, at Angers, France, also.

But next year a happier state of affairs was in the offing for Franz Kiermeier. With a four-month leave in his pocket, he was able to sit once again at the Kiermeier table on Christmas day.

Here is a Christmas he smiles about, cozy in the bosom of old Bavarian custom. There were the fervent preparations during Advent. A wreath of fir boughs hung in the living room, to which an extra candle was added each Sunday of Advent. Groups of children came to the doors, singing songs representing the Holy Family searching for shelter. Frankincense was burning in all the rooms of the house, and in stables on the Holy Night. Trumpeters in the tower of the church filled the air before midnight Mass with melodies about a Saviour soon to be born once again on the sacred altar within.

The other years? Well, there was a Christmas spent in the forest village of Gnievan, Russia; another in Roverina, Italy, lonesome and fierce and cold, among destroyed homes and the suffering of old men and women, and the cries of starving little children.

"That year," he recalls, "after midnight I visited a group of soldiers. Their train had been caught in a bombing raid Christmas Eve and the only shelter they could find was a stable filled with 50 cows. Somehow they had a tree, candles and all. We sat around singing, while the cows looked with big round eyes at the tree and listened with brute wonder to the songs about the holy Child. . . . Then I walked again through the night with a fervent prayer in my heart: 'Divine Child, let this be the last Christmas in war, and send peace.'"

Peace came the following year, in 1945. He found himself in an American prison camp at Bari, in southern Italy, the *POW* on his back, but the *S.J.* still in his heart.

How to find Christmas behind barbed wire? It was not easy. "There wasn't much talk. It seemed that everybody was listening to something in himself. Then suddenly from a distant tent we could hear the well-known melody, which as a matter of fact was always in us. But nobody had dared to sing it. At first the strains were tender and weak, then grew louder and louder, until finally all the tents joined in with

the immortal *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*. Soon the whole place was singing.

"A little later a bell rang. Midnight Mass. The chaplain gave a sermon. I don't know if it was the best in his life, but he never had a more attentive audience. He said what was in the men's hearts, leading them home to the ones they loved, leading them to the crib to kneel down before the divine Child.

"This was a big and convincing and a lasting experience for me. It made me realize how much men need a Redeemer, need Him badly, especially the poor and those loaded down with sorrow and sin. Then we sang the Mass and it became a real Christmas, Christmas on the altar at the Consecration, Christmas in our hearts at Holy Communion.

"If you asked me today which was the most impressive Christmas in my whole life, I would not hesitate to say it was that poor Christmas in the prison camp at Bari in Italy.


Back once again in the Jesuit fold,

he saw the following Christmas at the Society's scholasticate in Rome, where he was struck by the simple, child-like joy of a Roman Christmas. All had it, from the youngest novice to the Holy Father himself, who set aside one day during the Christmas season to receive a young Roman boy robed as a king, to whom he accorded the honors of a king.

One year later he went home. He spent Christmas at the Jesuit college in Pullach, his first Christmas in a Jesuit house in Germany.

At Pullach he little realized that his next Christmas would be in Indiana. At West Baden college he breathed the spirit of an American Jesuit celebration of our Lord's birthday, and found it not unlike that first Christmas away back in 1937 in the Austrian novitiate.

Christmas, 1949, would be different, too. You see, Franz Kiermeier was ordained a priest in June, and this December he celebrates his first Christmas Mass as a priest.


As we stood on the platform in Bombay, some native boys gathered around us. They carried standard shoe-shine equipment.

After being pestered for about ten minutes, we finally gave in. I noticed the lad shining my shoes wore a miraculous medal pinned to his shirt. He told me he was a Catholic. He didn't go to school because his father was too poor to pay his tuition, about 20¢ a month.

When he finished, I offered the boy his choice between a religious medal and a coin. For two minutes he debated. Then he grabbed the medal, and without a word, ran off. I don't know where he went, but in a little while he was back, proudly displaying his new medal on the same safety pin as his miraculous medal.*

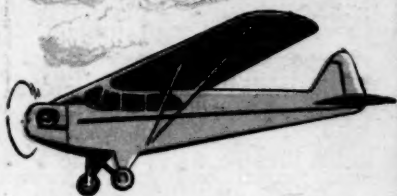
Guy Grimes, O.F.M.Cap.

*P. S. Of course, we paid him for the shine, double.

Racial rumor and prejudice get around pretty fast; but so does the opposition

Flying Trio

By MALCOLM CARRON, S.J.



Condensed from *The Sign**

A BUSINESSMAN, a Negro, and a priest were in an airplane. The bulky Jesuit read his Office in a cramped rear seat. The Negro helped with navigation. Wedged against the cabin wall, the lean, tanned businessman flew the plane. Nobody talked. Nobody moved. Nobody could.

They had first met at a luncheon in New York City in 1946. Julian J. Reiss, up-state New York industrialist, was host to Father Joseph F. Cantillon, interracial chairman of the Jesuit Institute of Social Order. Father Cantillon had for years been directly concerned with the plight of Negroes in the Midwest. More deeply than was possible during his studies in theology, in his work he was learning the meaning of the doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ, in whom all men are brothers. Also, with remarkable accuracy, Reiss had been learning it. He had been appointed by Governor Dewey to a five-man commission to enforce New York's law against racial discrimination.

Reiss' fellow commissioners were

a Protestant educator, a labor executive, a Negro journalist, and a Jewish woman lawyer. During the two years he spent implementing the Dewey Fair Employment Practices legislation with them, their praise ran high for the Reiss method of handling tough cases without recourse to legal penalties.

For example, a shop staffed almost entirely by girls of Italian origin threatened to walk out if a recently employed Negro girl were to continue on the job. An investigator from the commission called the girls together and asked if they realized that it was a mortal sin to deliberately deprive this Negro girl of a livelihood by forcing her to lose her job. Hot eyes flashed and sharp tongues bitterly expressed contemptuous disbelief.

"All right," said the investigator, "do me a favor. Tomorrow's Saturday. I'm going to ask each of you girls to go to confession and ask the priest whether I'm right."

The following Monday a chastened group of working girls came to work. Weeks passed without fur-

ther difficulty. Commissioner Reiss was pleased, a couple of months later, to learn that the colored girl was being invited to showers and parties by her shopmates, the shade of her skin forgotten in the glow of her warm personality.

At the luncheon in New York, Father Cantillon and Mr. Reiss decided to make more widespread the work of interracial understanding. Both had spoken often to large audiences on the miserable lot of the Negro. But they were not getting to the kind of audience that would carry their words into the market place.

"I feel as though I'm locked in a telephone booth with a perpetual busy signal," said Mr. Reiss moodily. "What I need is a battery of mikes in packed auditoriums from here to Chapultepec. Got any ideas, Father?"

This, as Mr. Reiss was to learn quickly, was like asking an Eskimo if he's got snowballs. Father Cantillon rubbed his hands briskly, leaned forward, and began talking. When, a few hours later, they emerged into the bright November sunshine, Mr. Reiss was sold on a plan that became known as the "Flying Trio."

"I have a private plane," said Mr. Reiss when the idea of reaching bigger audiences by air had been sketched for him. "But who's to be the third member, and how far are you willing to risk your neck? I'm not an expert pilot, you know."

"A Jesuit's always risking his

Jim Crow at the Bird Bath

"**WHAT's** the matter?" asked the police captain, as the park policeman came in with a rather disgruntled look on his face.

"It's Mrs. Dinwiddie, who donated the bird bath to the park, sir. She just called to say that it wasn't to be used by sparrows!"

Wisconsin Telephone News.

neck," Father Cantillon laughed; "and don't worry, we'll find a number three."

They found him a year later in a barrel-chested, handsome Negro who had spent his youth fielding red-hot rivets in shipyards. The trio's number three, Archibald E. Glover, is employed by the City of New York as a civil engineer, and is vice-president of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial council and a director of the New York Catholic Interracial council. Mr. Glover was not always a Catholic. Study and in-born curiosity combined to interest him in the Church. When he was ready, he walked up to a priest he'd only nodded to in a Brooklyn parish and told him bluntly, "Father, I want to join the Church!"

All that winter after the luncheon, Father Cantillon lined up dates from his St. Louis office. Eighty letters went out, offering the services of the Flying Trio to Catholic colleges and universities. Significantly, a big percentage of the letters were unanswered. But thunderous ap-

plause rolls in from those that have been served. Because of the private duties of the trio's members (Father Cantillon is now assistant dean of the School of Business of St. Peter's college in Jersey City, N. J.), they are beginning to wonder how its strictly part-time components will get together to cover the rapidly multiplying demands for its unique show.

An audience is almost immediately on the alert at sight of a white Catholic businessman, an educated Negro convert, and a priest clearly identifying themselves as brothers on a public platform. Seconds later, it has been knocked spinning by the vigor with which the trio gets its conference under way. Things which are usually mumbled behind the hand about Negroes and whites are trotted into the open. Father Cantillon, an old hand at directing discussion panels, takes over whenever any moral questions arise. Mr. Reiss handles economic questions, drawing heavily on his experience as a commissioner. And the direct, polite testimony of a cultured Negro leaves a tremendous impression on people, some of whom blink as the light is let into their eyes for the first time.

But at an appearance before a Manhattan college audience of laymen and clerics, a prosperous looking businessman arose. His theme was that the Negro is a divine afterthought about whom nothing can be done: he is detrimental to prog-

ress; he does not want to be educated; and is a menace to white women, an irresponsible agitator given to taking days off to bump into white people on the streets. Mr. Glover, whom Father Cantillon signaled to answer the man, breathed a prayer that he could keep his normally even temper.

Mr. Glover's plea was simple. He went on calmly to set the man right about the story that Negro maids take a day off a week to start race friction in New York by elbowing white people on the streets. With his smooth gift for phrasing, he told his hearers that from the isolated cases of Negroes molesting white women, a dangerous and untrue generality has been inferred. He pleaded that the Negro be given the chance to advance himself, fulfill his duties, and enjoy his rights as an American citizen. The Negro is also a creature in God's image, possessed of a common destiny with other men, he said.

"Would you," some one is sure to ask at each of their appearances, "allow your daughter to marry a Negro?"

To this Mr. Reiss' stock reply is, "Well, supposing that as a modern father I will have anything at all to say about whom my daughter will choose to marry, I would tell her this. My wish is that she love the man she will marry and that they will have a reasonable chance for happiness. If she loved a young Negro, I would not for that reason

oppose her marriage to him. But will they, in our society, have a reasonable chance for happiness? Will their love, however intense, be able to survive the ostracism that comes with interracial marriage? Experience teaches that the odds are heavily against it. I would, therefore, advise her against the step, unless, of course, they plan to live in Havana or Paris or some other civilized place. Does that answer you?"

As Catholics, the three repudiate the vilest of modern heresies, the doctrine of racism: that God created superior races and inferior races. On the other hand, they stand firmly against those who would pamper the Negro, for pampering is unfair to the individual and harmful in the long run. If a Negro is inefficient at work, discharge him. If a Negro student fails at college, expel him.

For the trio, slogans like "Evolution, not Revolution" and "We Must Go Slowly" as solutions to the old race question are false, because they are used to cover a do-nothing policy that dares not come out into the open. They believe in action now.

To get the facts into the open, the trio persuades Catholic whites that the Church means what it says in the clear, hard-hitting pronounce-

ment: "All races, whatever their origin, have equal rights as children in the house of their common Father."

Mr. Reiss pays all the traveling expenses, and if any host college or seminary wishes to pay them, Father Cantillon and Mr. Glover divide the money. In spite of really impressive conferences at Boston college; Regis college at Weston, Mass.; St. Bonaventure's college at Allegheny, N.Y.; Manhattan college; Catholic University in Washington, D. C., and a Negro parish in the same town; and St. John's seminary at Brighton, Mass., the trio has greater plans.

Their conferences are worth attending, even for laughs. One night Father Cantillon was trying to impress an inquisitionist with the enormity of depriving the Negro of a living by forcing him to lose his job. "Why," Father Cantillon wound up excitedly, "it would be the same as my walking over to Mr. Glover here, reaching into his pocket, and removing \$100. It would be a mortal sin!"

Mr. Glover, who knows a punchline when he hears one, couldn't resist. "If you found \$100 in my pocket, Father," he laughed, "it wouldn't be a mortal sin. It would be a miracle!"

Shakespeare Tradition

SIR HENRY IRVING, the actor, was seated next to a snob at a dinner party. Knowing that Irving had never attended a university, the snob inquired in a loud voice: "Were you ever at Oxford, old boy?"

"No," replied Irving evenly, "but my secretary was."

Home Topics.

*Missionaries are often helped in saving souls in
a way that seems to have only one explanation*

Unseen Army

By VINCENT J. McCAULEY, C.S.C.

Condensed from an address*

MARY, Ed, Jean, and Charlie—they were my friendly four—some back home. There was a real significance in the four farewells with which they sent me off when I left for the missions. They were in my mind often during those years in Bengal; and, though we were 10,000 miles apart, the strands of our lives often seemed to be interwoven.

Mary, an old friend of the family, wanted to come to our house to bid me good-by, but her little girl, Andrea, was sick and she couldn't leave her. Even on the telephone, her motherly care could be felt. She made it extend to me.

Ed, our next-door neighbor, was out in the yard as I went over to take leave of him and Rose. He still had

the enthusiasm of a new convert. He said, "I hope you make many, many people as happy with the gift of faith as I've been."

Jean, my sister's chum, was vivacious and witty. She practically ran the store for her ailing father. "When I'm ringing up sales here, I'll be hoping and praying that you clinch some good bargains for our Lord."

Charlie and I had been pals in school, and I knew of his interest in the missions. He wanted to go himself, would have if his father hadn't died. Now he was supporting all five of the Duggans. When I called, Charlie was out of town on business. I missed him, but there was a letter at the boat. "I'll do what I can to keep up my part back home."



*Hour of Faith. NCCM, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, 5, D.C., on ABC network.

Motherly Mary, generous Ed, quick-witted Jean, and zealous Charlie! They are members of that vast Unseen Army giving the support missionaries need everywhere. Members of the Unseen Army choose a particular missionary and promise him spiritual support on one day of each week for an entire year. Their prayers and sacrifices pay off, too.

I remember how the thought of Mary flashed to my mind the day I met Teresa. I was in Bengal, walking along a river path when, rounding a bend, I came upon her. She was only four or five, dirty, ragged, and crying.

"What's the matter, Shukhi? Are you lost?"

It was some time before she calmed down enough to sob, "My mamma won't answer me."

I began to question her. The only name she knew was Bimala, a first name. Where her home was she had no idea. Her father and brother had starved to death. And now her mamma wouldn't answer her.

"Where is your mamma?" I asked. She pointed to a clump of grass where her mamma had crawled off the path to die.

The Sisters took care of the little orphan who is now healthy, happy Teresa. How much did motherly Mary back home have to do with finding Teresa and giving her a home?

Ed, the convert who found the Church late in life, still mentioned

in his letters that he was anxious to share his gift with others. So I told him about Pedru. Pedru had a bad reputation and did his best to deserve it. He was a thief and a murderer. All the people of Agartalla village were afraid of him. Pedru had boasted of stealing from the Raja's palace itself, and everyone knew that he killed the Kabuli money-lender.

When Pedru's son came down with black-water fever, the renegade sent to the mission for medicine. I went over but it was too late. The baptismal water I used was not to break the fever but to break through the gates of heaven.

I looked for an outburst from the fearsome tyrant, but it never came. He was depressed, he grieved silently for days, but he never exploded. I was puzzled then and more so a year later when I had instructed Pedru and baptized him. I always suspected Ed, who wanted to share his faith with others.

My sister's letters assured me that Jean was still ringing up sales at her father's store. Some day in heaven I intend to look up the records and I'll check the listings under *J* especially. Fairly close to *Jean*, you should find *Joseph*. That wasn't his name the time I was cutting through the Bandhura market place. He was a stranger in town. No one knew the naked little fellow who collapsed in famine time in the drain behind the tea stall. He was evidently trying to suck a little nourishment from a

trickle of rice water. He was unconscious, covered with flies. It took but a few seconds to lift his head out of the mud and baptize him. Ten minutes later Joseph was dead. There are no cash registers in that Bandhura market, but the grace that came to Joseph in the nick of time, and closed his life's bargain, had a ring to it that must have been Jean's.

But it was a tour of the Kuki villages that crystallized my wondering and brought out the reality of things spiritual, and the conviction that I was not only sharing my life with others, but that others, like Charlie, shared theirs with me.

It was quite by accident that I learned about Tlangtia. My catechist, Felix, was showing me how well he had instructed the people of Kanchan village. Since they could not read English nor Bengali and their own language is unwritten, he had taught them the catechism by song. When they finished singing the Creed, I thought I heard an echo in the distance. This was my first visit. I said nothing.

But after the third song my curiosity got the best of me. I asked the chief, who squatted beside me on the woven-cane mat, "What do I hear outside? Is someone singing in another house?"

"Oh, that's nothing, Father; pay no attention to it," and he signaled for another catechism song. This song ended with a resounding finale, almost a shout. The echo was clearer than ever.

I asked the chief about it again. "It is nothing," he insisted.

Just then a tiger roared down the valley. He sounded close and terrifying. "But what is it? No, not the tiger—the voice, the echo?"

"It's only Tlangtia. It doesn't matter."

"Tlangtia? Who is Tlangtia? Or what is it?"

Hesitantly, painfully, conscious that the fear-filled eyes of all the villagers were upon him, the old chief turned to the catechist and nodded, "You tell the Father."

Felix explained that he had been warned not to mention Tlangtia to me. Tlangtia was a curse. The whole village was ashamed, for Tlangtia was a leper. They had built a six-by-six hut of split bamboo in a little clearing away from the village. This was Tlangtia's prison. She was not allowed to leave it in the daytime. Only at night could she come to the back of the chief's house for the few handfuls of rice that were left there, and she had to outwit the dogs to get there first.

That night, sleep was a long time in coming to me. I was thinking of that outcast leper. In the morning I would visit her.

With Felix and the village chief I took the overgrown path through the jungle to Tlangtia's clearing. She was squatting on her heels in the sun just outside her ramshackle hut. The few rags that covered her were filthy beyond words, but what was not covered was worse. She was

old, the chief said, "more than four 20's." She was bent, blotched, bony; a skeleton covered with running sores. One foot had two toes missing; the other was wrapped in leaves, supposedly medicinal, tied on with a strip of cane bark. When she removed her hand from the rags she clutched, only two fingers touched her forehead in greeting—the others had dropped off.

I asked about her singing of the night before. "I always sing now," she said, "low in the daytime so only God and sweet Mary can hear. But at night, when the others are singing, I do it out loud because at night in the jungle none of them will come to stop me."

"Do you know all the songs?" I asked.

"As well as the catechist. In the dark I go close to the chief's house and listen to be sure I learn all the words right."

"Do you believe all of them?"

"Nothing was ever so true as what Jesus told us."

"Then, you would like to go to heaven with Him one day?"

"Who would have old Tlangtia, the leper? No, heaven is for them —" she pointed to the village. Make

them love Jesus and His sweet Mother. For Tlangtia: the jungle; leprosy; then, one day the jackals.

It took all morning, but Tlangtia finally agreed that God could love a leper. The idea was such a shock to her that at first she could not believe it.

That Baptism was the most solemn ceremony I ever conducted. There, with a close-packed crowd of hill tribesmen following every move, weighing every word, Tlangtia became Mary, the first Catholic of the Kuki hill people. And as if our Lady in heaven could hardly wait to present the first fruit of the Kukis to her Son, the Mary who was Tlangtia was soon taken from her jungle prison to sing with the angels for Jesus and sweet Mary.

When I returned to the mission headquarters there was a letter from Charlie. He apologized for his long silence but he just couldn't write these past weeks because he had been very sick. But it was a chance to offer a few pains to Christ for my mission, so he didn't mind too much. He hoped that God would bless me and some soul in need.

I said out loud, "Thanks, Charlie, for Tlangtia."



Theory Into Practice

THE two youngsters were squaring off like a couple of gamecocks, but no blows were struck. The Sister-principal, standing at a window overlooking the play yard, heard the smaller say fiercely, "I'd knock the stuffing out of you if you weren't a temple of the Holy Ghost." *Catholic Review* (11 Aug. '49).

An eyewitness account of what seemed normal to the 17-year-old Russian girl, but probably won't to you

People's Court No. 12, Moscow

By MARGARET K. WEBB

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine**



THE first two weeks that I was in Moscow in 1947, when my husband was working at the American embassy, I was never without a guide. It was my own doing; I thought I could see more of the city on a supervised tour than I could by myself. An owl-eyed youth who spoke English with the painful correctness of an Eton schoolmaster shepherded me diligently through endless museums, art galleries, and Parks of Culture and Rest. Whenever I suggested that we look at something a little more alive, he merely bobbed his shaved head and continued blandly on, down one drafty corridor after another. At last, one gray March day, he was sick; and, with my American passport pinned to my inside pocket, I set out on a solitary tour. I wanted to see a Soviet court.

After walking a mile along the river, I came to a section of the city I had never seen—row after row of drab wooden buildings. In the driving spring rain which spanked along the sidewalk and sprayed

against my legs, it was hard to make out the addresses. Yet I knew that People's Court Number 12 must be in this block.

My feet were soaked and my skirt, too. Any other time I would have turned back, but on my first day alone, nothing was going to stop me.

Standing in the downpour, I at last saw the number 12 scrawled on a building which looked more like a warehouse than a court. I climbed the steps and faced a blank wooden door with no bell and no knocker. I banged two or three times, then turned the knob and went in. I found myself in a long, narrow hall, with doors opening off to the right and left.

I tried the doors. The first was locked, but the next one opened as I pushed against it. I slipped inside a room that looked like a small classroom, packed with people. They were all standing up; it was hard to see. In time I caught a glimpse of the judge, a worried-looking young woman who sat behind a bare, wooden table, with an assistant on

either side. The defendant stood before them. He was a big, raw-boned fellow with black, mussed hair and a scar down the side of his face. He wore a soiled uniform, without insignia, and as he talked he twisted his cap in his red-knuckled hands.

From where I stood it was impossible to hear what he said. All at once I noticed an empty bench in the front of the room and started worming my way forward. The people gave way without protest. I seated myself and slipped off my coat. The defense lawyer, who was sitting only a few feet away, looked up from his papers with a start. From the opposite side of the room a policeman glared at me. I saw him take a step toward me, but the crowd held him back. My first impulse was to get up and slink away. On second thought I took out a pad and pencil and began jotting down notes. The policeman screwed up his round, moon face in perplexity, then relaxed against the wall. I could only hope that my hoax had worked, that he thought I was an official sent to check up on court procedure.

Still I was uneasy. Ever since taking my place on the bench, I had been aware of someone standing in back of me and edging up closer and closer, until I could feel warm breathing against my neck. I turned slightly. A buxom girl of 16 or 17 was gazing at me avidly. I pretended to pay no attention until she began rubbing the collar of my green gab-

ardine suit in her fingers. I looked at her again, and she took her hand away. She blushed.

"I—I'm sorry," she stammered. "In Moscow such material is very strange—and very beautiful. Where I work, down on Arbat Square—I'm a seamstress, you see—my friends will never believe I have seen such material, so soft and strong!" Again she was touching my suit. As she caught my eye, she pulled her hand back, and gazed in great embarrassment at her frayed cloth shoes. I assured her I didn't mind and invited her to sit down. Her small blue eyes blinked at me in astonishment.

"Me sit there? I couldn't! That bench is reserved for high government officials."

"Oh—oh, of course," I smiled.

"You're not Russian, are you?"

"No, American."

"I see. Then, naturally, you have permission to sit there." She was silent for a minute before she asked, "What is your name?"

I told her.

"Oh." She tried to pronounce it. "Mine's Galya Petrovna Sergievna. Tell me, are your courts in America like this? I've heard you have one set of courts for the rich and another for the poor. In Russia everyone has an equal chance before the law."

I assured her it was the same in America. Then, because I had missed some of the trial, I asked her to explain what had been going on.

Her broad, freckled face broke into smiles. With great formality she

answered, "For me it would be a pleasure. To tell the truth, I have never before spoken to an American. Your people come so seldom to visit us that we Russians think you have no interest in our way of life. Your big newspapers are run by monopolists and they tell your citizens that we live like beasts in the field. Is that not so?"

Again I tried to set her right, but there was only a moment till the court convened. So, putting aside our political discussion, we talked about the trial.

"The man and his wife are speculators. They have broken the law." She pronounced her words as one does to a child who is mastering his first vocabulary.

The defendants had been paying 30 rubles for a certain article manufactured in Moscow and selling it in Kiev, where factories were scarce, for 180 rubles. With the money they made, they bought food in the south where it was cheap, and resold it back in Moscow for a comfortable profit.

I wanted to know what they had been selling in Kiev.

"*Jenskie podshtaniki*," Galya said.

It meant nothing to me. Visions of opium and marijuana flashed through my mind, but I held my tongue: the court was in session. Galya planted herself behind me again, feet spread wide apart, arms akimbo. A heavy look of concentration clouded her face; even the judge could not have paid closer at-

tention to what was happening.

The lawyer for the defense rose to give one last plea. The accused were not bad people, he said, as the man's army record clearly showed.

"Well, if they were so good," Galya whispered to me indignantly, "why did they cheat the poor people in Moscow, and make them pay prices they couldn't afford?"

The temptation before them had been great and they needed money, the plump, white-faced lawyer continued. He spoke in a singsong tone which made me doubt that his heart was really in this particular case.

"Times have been hard for all of us," muttered the voice in back of me. "If two grown people like them have trouble earning a living, how does he suppose it is for us young ones when our parents are dead. Still we don't break the law!"

The case was over now. All that remained was for the court to pronounce the verdict. For ten minutes, the young judge conferred with her two helpers behind the scarred, wooden desk. As she listened to their counseling, she endlessly locked and interlocked her long, delicate fingers. I could see that she was tired. Once as she leaned back against the chair, her eyelids drooped shut, and her arms fell limp. In a second she had pulled herself up and was busily thumbing through a law book for some obscure point.

Behind me, the crowd shifted and stamped like a giant restless horse moving about in its stall. Then, as

the judge began reading the sentence, they grew tense and silent.

The man was given seven years in the work camp, his wife five. As soon as the judge had given her decision, their daughter gave a loud yell and, clapping her hands to her ears, bolted down the aisle and out the door. The room was alive with loud exclamations and excited argument. Through the din I could hear Galya trying to say something. I turned around and faced her.

"Do you think the verdict was fair?"

She laughed. "That's what I was going to ask you." Then she grew serious; her forehead was strained into a series of little puckers above the flat bridge of her nose. After a moment's thought, she nodded with such vehemence that the black bandana slipped from her shoulders, and I saw that her straw-blond hair was tied back with bits of string in two neat pigtails.

"Yes, it was fair. They didn't deserve a lighter sentence, robbing people like that. Still, I can't help thinking what it means for them. The husband and wife will be separated, you know. And life in the prison camps isn't easy, working out in the fields the way they have to, in all kinds of weather. Or maybe down in the mines, where it's always cold and damp. Oh, I don't mean a healthy person can't stand it. But did you notice that woman? She was so thin and her face had a sort of yellow look to it. If you ask me, there's

a good chance she won't come back. Oh, I'll bet they'd neither of them break the law again, if they had it to do over!"

By now the court was fairly empty and we were able to sit down on a bench which it was legal for us both to occupy. As we waited for the next trial, I asked again what item it was the family had been buying up in Moscow.

Quickly my friend glanced around. No one was watching. Moving close to me, she began sliding her wrinkled black skirt up over her knee. Suddenly I saw them—her panties! They were blue cotton-jersey affairs, standard all over Russia. It was for this the speculators had risked their lives and the women of Kiev had paid 180 rubles.

Looking at Galya with her scrubbed complexion and childish eyes, I wondered why she came to the courts. She was not an embittered old woman, a misanthropic graybeard, or a hard-worked housewife, but a young girl—the age which never goes to a trial in the U.S., except when a Flynn or Mitchum goes to court.

"Do you come here very often?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, at least twice a week."

"But why?"

"Why? Because it's fun and it doesn't cost anything. Our room is just around the corner. So when there's a good case on, I make a point of getting my brothers fed and the dishes washed up early. You see,

the courts stay open till ten every night."

"Doesn't your family worry when you're out after dark?"

"Who is there to worry? There's just my two brothers, Nikolai and Sergei, and they don't care. They're a lot younger than I am. Papa and *mamenka* died in the war."

"How do you live then, if there's just the three of you children?"

"I'm no child!" She was annoyed. "Maybe I look young or something, but I'm 17. Down at the shop I've got more seniority than most of the women. I had my first job when I was 14. That's when the telegram came about papa. He wasn't really killed—in battle, I mean. His scouting party was marooned up north, near Leningrad, and he froze to death. A month later, *mamenka* caught pneumonia—lots of people had it then; we burned our furniture trying to keep her warm, but she died, too."

"What happened after that? Do your relatives help you, or the government?"

She cast a queer look in my direction. "You Americans think it's all so easy. You wouldn't understand if I told you that I had 19 relatives, uncles, aunts, and cousins. After the war three were left alive, and only one of them, a boy younger than me, is well enough to work. Whenever it can, the government helps, and it would help us, I suppose. Only why should I go begging, as long as I can work? Others need

help from the government more."

I shook my head, "I couldn't have done so much when I was 17."

Such unexpected sympathy put Galya off guard. She flushed. "Oh, it's not so bad. Especially when everyone you know is up against the same thing." She sighed heavily. "It isn't the eight hours sewing at the shop I mind. To tell the truth, though, marketing every day, and cooking and cleaning up after the boys is a full-time job in itself. It always kept *mamenka* busy. In winter it's hardest of all, when you have to splash from one market place to another, picking up a carrot here and a bit of cabbage or a few onions there. Some weeks I just can't make it down to the court. And always, if I want to come, I have to plan every minute. Still, I think a person has to have a little relaxation, don't you?"

Her blue eyes were sober as she waited for my answer. It was a minute before I understood that she really wanted my opinion, that she felt coming to the courts might be a frivolity she shouldn't indulge in. When I agreed, she was happy again.

"I'm glad to hear you say that. Having to make all the decisions for a family the way I do, it's hard sometimes to know if you're right or not."

While I sat there beside Galya, watching the room fill up for the next trial, I thought of all the museums and art exhibits I had seen in the past few weeks. Had I spent a

year in those damp galleries, I should not have caught the spirit of Soviet life one-tenth as well as in Court Number 12 in a single afternoon.

Certainly the ballet and theater are far beyond the means of the ordinary Muscovite. Even the movies are expensive, and, besides, a person can never be sure of a ticket. Every night, long lines start forming in front of the theaters hours before the first show. And inevitably large crowds are turned away. The courts are different; if he is willing to stand, anyone can get in.

It was dark when Galya and I left the court and started down the deserted street. A raw wind whipped the gray sheets of rain against our faces. Galya didn't mind such small discomforts. Cheerfully she volunteered to walk me to my streetcar, though her cheeks and nose were stung bright red from the icy rain.


Coming up to the car tracks, she broke out laughing. "You'd never guess the kind of game we play, a friend of mine and I, when we come to the courts. We have bets—just a few rubles, you understand, but still it's money—on how the cases will come out. Sometimes it's even more

exciting than today; really serious crimes, and you can't tell how the verdict will go. I beat my friend Tanya a lot, and you should see her. She's short, not as tall as you, but round and fat. And when I win, her face gets all pink and speckled and her little black eyes almost pop out, she's so mad. Still, she's a good sport. The end of the month, if I come out ahead, she always takes me to a real restaurant down by Revolutionary Square. And we have those tall glasses of tea and nice creamy eclairs. If I lose I take her, though I really can't afford to."

All at once Galya looked abashed. She twisted her frayed black scarf in her red, work-scarred hands. "It's really my only extravagance. And it's the one thing I don't tell the boys. Still, I shouldn't do it, should I?" Again she looked at me to pass judgment. I shrugged and told her everyone had to decide those things for himself.

Even after my run-down streetcar had rattled half a mile down the tracks, I could see her standing there on the wet curbstone, mulling over the pros and cons of her secret sin.

After all, I thought to myself, even in Moscow, 17 isn't so very old.



The Proof of the Eating

POPE URBAN V wished to mitigate the Carthusian law of perpetual abstinence from flesh meat; but the monks wished to keep their ancient discipline. A deputation, therefore, was sent to the Pope.

Of the 27 delegates chosen, the youngest was 88, the senior 95. The Pope took one look. The Carthusians remain strict vegetarians.

From *The Carthusians* (Parkminster Press).

*You don't hear them very
often in big cities any more but
the Church still esteems them*

BELLS

By
BENJAMIN J. BLIED

Condensed from
*Church Property Administration**

SMALL bells have been used from time immemorial, but the big bell is a creation of Christianity. It is a late arrival, because the persecuted Christians of the first centuries feared to use anything so boisterous as a bell to proclaim the Gospel.

Bells, *signa* in Latin, originally consisted of plates of metal riveted together. The sound effects were far from pleasing. After their discovery of the bell shape, makers tried various metals to make bells more sonorous. They used even glass successfully, and produced a sweet tone, but the sound did not carry and glass was too brittle to be practical. It is agreed now that copper plus about 20% tin is the best bell metal. Silver deadens the sound of a bell.

In the Middle Ages most bells were cast near the church which ordered them. Families specialized

in bell making, with the result that such names as Van den Ghen, Hemony, and Waghevens are to bells what Steinway and Stradivarius are to pianos and violins.

If you were making a bell you would pour metal into a mold comprising two parts: the core and the cope. And when you had it made you might be disappointed. One celebrated American firm sometimes casts from 30 to 40 bells before it gets ten properly matched. But once you get a bell properly pitched it remains that way forever.

Few can tell the pitch of a bell. And *few* eliminates most accomplished musicians. You see, a bell sets in motion a highly complex series of vibrations. An electric device helps to identify the pitch, but you would have a rare ear if you could discern identical tone qualities.

To analyze the vibrations, you start with the strike tone. Then comes the hum tone, which is either an octave or a sixth below. Above the strike tone is a minor third. Next is a perfect fifth above the strike tone, and finally the octave above the strike tone. These tones are found in an average bell, whereas an excellent bell will have also a major tenth and perfect twelfth above the strike tone. (Try this on your piano.)

If you made a bell and it failed to qualify, you would not necessarily have to recast it. In many cases, you could tune it by placing it on a lathe,

to widen the interior and thus lower the pitch. However, it is almost impossible to raise the pitch. Attempts to do this, by grinding down the lip of the bell, have never been satisfactory.

In regard to the weight of bells there is no limit at either extreme. Tiny tinkling bells are common, and booming bourdons are not unusual. The biggest bell in the world, cast in Russia in 1734, weighs well over 400,000 pounds and measures 19 feet in height and $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet in width. It is almost two feet thick, and its clapper is 14 feet long. Three years after it was cast it fell. A piece broke out of it, making it useless, but it has been kept as a novelty.

It is rarely advisable to cast bells in excess of 7,000 pounds. Apart from their awkwardness, bells over 5,000 pounds sound a quarter tone above the expected strike tone, and with bells over 10,000 pounds you confront a grave problem in harmonics.

Immense bells serve no purpose outside the production of a definite pitch. Both a two-ton bell and a one-ton bell carry about the same distance, and in some cases a small shrill bell carries better than a large one. Present bell prices range from \$450 for a 250-pound size up to \$2,335 for a 1,500-pound one.

Most bells last for centuries, but occasionally one cracks. If the crack occurs in the crown the bell may be usable for a long time, but if the damage is near the rim the bell is

ruined. The danger of cracking can be avoided by turning the bell so that the clapper does not always strike the same spot.

Some church bells hang high up above the street, but normally they are best hung slightly above the highest portion of the nave. The neighboring buildings and terrain will affect the sound much the same as the acoustics of an auditorium affect a piano or a violin.

Such conditions cannot be controlled, but others can. First of all, louvers should not be used to keep out rain; rather, the floor of the tower should be waterproofed. Weather doesn't harm bells. Louvers, which are usually set at a steep angle, direct the sound downward too abruptly and produce a jangle of noise rather than a chord of music. Moreover, it is advisable to have the walls around the bells solid and the openings for the escape of sound above the bells. This smoothly diffuses the sound, and mellows the music.

The law in some instances has branded bell ringing a public nuisance, with the result that towers in populous centers have been silenced on behalf of late sleepers, hospital patients, and alert agnostics. Officially, the Church has expressed her mind in canon 1169 of the Code of Canon Law: "It is appropriate that each church should have bells by means of which the faithful are invited to divine services and other religious acts. The church bells

should be either consecrated or blessed according to the rites of the approved liturgical books."

Whatever juridical coldness may be discerned here is counterbalanced by the elaborate ceremonies of consecration which are prescribed by the *Pontificale*. The ceremony is so especially reserved to the bishop that he cannot delegate a priest without a special faculty from the Holy See.

In the ceremonies, seven psalms are recited, the bell is washed inside and out, and then it is anointed first with the oil of the sick and then with sacred chrism. Next, a vessel of incense is placed inside the bell, and a passage from the Gospel of St. Luke is read.

Obviously the Church still esteems the big bell, which she has called into being.



*The men who keep the wheels turning
may get tired but seldom bored*

A Jesuit Brother

By JOE KERR

Condensed from the *Press Review**

BROTHER KENNY speaking. You say you want a fountain pen, a Russian Bible, and a ticket to India? And is there anything else, Father? No? All right, then. I'll have them for you by tonight."

And Brother Kenny isn't kidding when he promises fast action. He's been the marvel of Fordham university since he came there in 1946. A native New Yorker for all his Irish ways, this 28-year-old Jesuit Brother

with a Wall St. background buys everything from chalk to chimneys for the world's largest Catholic university.

Over his desk in the campus Service building hundreds of orders pass every week, orders for books, for food, for building supplies. Nothing which a Fordham workman, student or professor needs is too small for his attention. A ream of typing paper, a light bulb for an office, deli-

*Parkchester, Bronx, N. Y. Sept. 15, 1949.

catessen for a picnic—Brother Kenny supplies them all. And he buys the big things, too, tractors and cars and tons of food, even equipment for cancer research. But it's not these routine items which make him Fordham's wonder. It's the "impossible" things.

Typical was his feat in getting four priests off to Rome in time for their classes there when every travel agency in the country had said, "It can't be done." It was back in 1947, when Fathers Clark, Meany, Griffin, and Reed were being sent from Fordham to Rome's Pontifical Gregorian university. They had booked passage for an early August sailing of the *Mauritania*, but a longshoremen's strike kept their ship in port. Then, through a supposedly influential friend, they were booked up by airplane. But even their friend's influence couldn't stop the eight weeks' strike which grounded the planes. Time flew, but the planes did not. In five days the class bells would be ringing in Rome. There they were, waiting in the Bronx. They went to Brother Kenny. Could he do anything?

He didn't know, of course, but he could try. Trying meant making no fewer than 53 phone calls in a day. Then next day he drove the priests to LaGuardia field, where a plane was waiting for them. Only after they were on board did they understand the need of all the phone calls. The pilot explained it to them.

The only plane on which even

Brother Kenny could find four vacant places was one reserved by the Arab delegation to the United Nations. And it had been fully chartered. Moreover, it was to go straight to Cairo, Egypt. Permission had to be obtained not only to let the priests on board, but to let them off again at an unscheduled stopping point.

For the priests it was a day of history, but for Brother Kenny it was just Sept. 25th. To him one day is very much like the next. "Something big? Something little?" he is apt to ask. "What difference does it make? I became a Jesuit Brother to help Jesuit priests do the work of God. Does it matter how I help them?"

How varied the Brothers' works are, Brother Kenny explains to you by introducing you to some of the other Jesuit Brothers on the Rose Hill campus. "Brother Michael Broderick," he'll explain, "is the infirmarian. It's his job to nurse the sick, whether they be college boys or professors of atomic physics. Brother Cavanaugh is the campus engineer. It's up to him to keep about 30 buildings running." And Brother Kenny tells you with a grin, "Brother Cav's not content with simply running Fordham. He wants to know what's happening everywhere, so he spends his free time at the seismograph, checking all earthquakes for the U. S. Department of Commerce and the Jesuit Seismological association."

Though it seems hard to believe that any other man could equal his

work, Brother Kenny insists that all the other Brothers are as busy as he. "Why, Brother Seitz, our sacristan, takes care of all the Fordham chapels. If you want to know what that means, just try to realize that we had 275 priests living on the campus all during summer school, and each of them offered Mass each day. That came to 10,650 Masses. Half a dozen Brothers would have a full-time job just providing for all that. Then, too, Brother Sterling, who has been running the faculty dining room all summer, provided for 38,000 meals just for the faculty alone. And you think I'm busy?"

"Do you see that oldish Brother over there? That's Brother Nolan. He's been here longer than any of us. He knows every blade of grass at Fordham, and every bit of hedge. People come here and say how fine the campus looks. Some of them actually think we're part of the Botanical Gardens over beyond our fence. It's Brother Nolan who deserves the credit. He's our one-man park department."

But Brother Kenny is busy. Besides being the general trouble-shooter on the uptown campus, he has all the purchasing headaches for the Fordham School of Social Work down on 39th St., and for the Fordham Downtown college at 302 Broadway.

Dean Ignatius Wilkinson of the Fordham Law School will telephone, "Can you get me 5,000 enve-

lopes?" Before the order has so much as gone on paper, three other department heads are calling for supplies. And it's not only supplies they call for. Sometimes, like Dr. Ferdinand L. Vial of the French department, they may have personal problems. Dr. Vial wanted to go to France, but he wanted to sail only on the *Queen Mary*. For two years he tried without success to book a convenient passage. Then he tried Brother Kenny. Soon as he did, he had his reservations.

When the war broke, and rationing came in, all institutions were finding the going difficult. The Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson in Poughkeepsie was no exception. It was not, at least, until Brother Kenny started buying. Without getting a single extra ration point or dealing in black markets, he managed to keep things running smoothly. Then Fordham heard of him.

Next thing he knew, he was assigned there to be the buyer for the Jesuit faculty residence. It was just a short move across the campus to the chief purchaser's office in the Service building. That's where you will find him today. But his main interest isn't purchasing. It's in getting other fellows like himself to do what he did back in 1941, sign up as Brothers in the Society of Jesus, to live by vows of perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, not for any material reward, but for a reward that is stored up by God in eternity.

When the farmer's money stays on the farm,
he lives the life of O'Reilly

Keep 'Em on the Farm

By FRANK HAMILTON

Condensed from the *National Home Monthly**

THE DUSTY jeep station wagon spurted down the country road and skidded to a stop beside the field where a young farmer was threshing. The tall, slim man wearing a black fedora and Roman collar hopped nimbly out and walked towards the wire fence. The farmer joined him there. Father Francis Xavier O'Reilly didn't waste time getting to the point.

"What's this I hear about you thinking of leaving the country and going to live in the city, Pat?" he demanded.

"Well, it's like this, Father," the young farmer explained, "I didn't want to give up the farm, but what can I do? I need more acreage. The next small farm's up for sale and I could really make a go of it if I had it. But I've got no ready cash and I can't get a loan because I've got no security. I'm still paying off the mortgage on my farm. If I just had more land, I'd be out of the hole in a few years. As it is, I only seem to



be getting in deeper."

Father O'Reilly pushed his battered felt hat to the back of his head. "You're a good farmer, Pat," he said, "and the land is good. This is where you belong, not in the big city. You would not be happy there, and it's a happy man who makes the best Christian, d'you see now? I

know you'd make a success of it if you had that extra land, and I'm going to see that you get it. How much would you be needing?"

"About \$3,000."

"We'll arrange it through the credit union," the priest told him. "Come to see me in my office tomorrow night and we'll settle the deal."

Smiling now, the young farmer started to thank the priest, but Father O'Reilly brushed it aside with his infectious smile. "The only thanks I want, Pat," he said, "is for you to be a success and for you and your family to lead a good, happy life." Father O'Reilly waved, hopped back into his jeep, and disappeared

down the dirt road in a cloud of dust.

That was two years ago. Today, Pat is successfully working the enlarged farm which Father O'Reilly helped him get. He is happy, and he no longer thinks of going to the city. And Father O'Reilly has also helped him get new, modern farm machinery, and even indoor plumbing for his house.

Pat's case is not an isolated incident. Such happenings are as common in the life of Father Francis Xavier O'Reilly as Sunday Mass. For Father O'Reilly is a country priest determined to keep his parishioners on the farm, and what's more, keep them happy. Ever since the Irish-Canadian priest arrived in the little Ontario town of Colgan, 45 miles northwest of Toronto, four and a half years ago, he has been conducting a vigorous, practical, and successful campaign to stem the exodus of country folk to the cities. He has battled the lure of city life by bringing to his rural parish such things as new businesses, jobs, houses, and farms, a modern new high school and several hundred bathtubs.

To date, Father O'Reilly's back-to-the-land drive has directly helped 200 families, close to 1,000 persons, to a new, better life. Perhaps 40% of the people he has helped are non-Catholics. He has helped 100 farmers modernize and enlarge their farms. He has set up more than two dozen young men, with little or no capital, on farms of their own. He

has put another dozen young men, in similar circumstances, into business for themselves. He has built a \$30,000 high school for 150 students; and nine seven-room cement-block houses that he sold at cost (average price: \$3,500) to young families with at least two children, and with little or no money for a down payment. He has created an estimated 75 new jobs in the district; has put indoor plumbing into hundreds of rural homes. He puts on a weekly show, and encourages community entertainment from sports to dances. In short, what Father O'Reilly is trying to do is bring the advantages, conveniences, opportunities, and entertainment of the city to the country.

Indirectly, this hard-working country priest has helped everyone in the district to a better standard of living. He has also brought to the region a feeling of progress and security that it has not had since pre-depression days.

Father O'Reilly has done all those things without aid of one donation. It has been strictly business, not charity. To finance his various projects, he organized a credit union, a co-operative money-lending company. In actual cash, his projects have cost upwards of \$150,000, but their value to the community is many times that amount.

It may seem strange that a country priest should spend so much time dashing about arranging loans. It doesn't to Father O'Reilly. Money,

he admits, has been his principal ally in his campaign to keep the country youths down on the farm.

"A lot of people are afraid of money," he says. "But nevertheless, we must admit that a certain amount of money is, in our present way of life, necessary for happiness. Money difficulties have broken up homes and families, driven people from the land to the cities, and deprived many a would-be success of a fair chance at a full, happy life. That's why I have helped young fellows without funds to get started in the business of their choice. That we have never had a failure is proof enough for me that it is the right idea. They are happy, and when they are happy they are better Christians, and closer to their Church. Credit unions and employee ownership of industry are our answer to communism. In fact, they are our only answer."

Father Francis Xavier O'Reilly seems to blend naturally into this small-town picture. Actually, he is not a country man. He was born in Ottawa in 1901, and he was educated in, has lived and worked in, large cities practically all his life. Nor has his aversion to the poverty and slums of large cities anything to do with his early life. His Irish parents were wealthy, and young Francis Xavier did not want for anything. He went to the best schools and seemed headed for a business career. But he had always felt an urge to help his fellow men, and he decided

that he would become a priest.

When Father O'Reilly was appointed to Colgan in June, 1945, he didn't know such a place existed. He had to get a Toronto friend, who knew the district, to guide him there on his first trip. Today he scoots about the countryside in his jeep as though he had lived in Colgan all his life, and everywhere he goes his familiar figure evokes a shout of greeting.

Father O'Reilly's parish is rather unique for predominantly Protestant Ontario. Colgan is 100% Catholic, and its huge, red-brick church is the biggest Catholic church for miles. There are about 85 families in Colgan, an increase of 10 since the arrival of Father O'Reilly. However, there are many non-Catholic families within the boundaries of the territory Father O'Reilly serves. Tottenham, three miles south of Colgan, for instance, has a population of 1,000 and is predominantly Protestant, with four Protestant churches to one Catholic church.

Father O'Reilly was not long in his country parish before he began to feel that something was wrong. "There was unhappiness and fear in the country," he remembers today. "No one seemed to feel secure. The farmers, especially those who remembered the early 30's, feared a depression. They needed money to improve and expand their holdings, but they were afraid to borrow. They remembered the days when the price of potatoes dropped to 10c

a bag. Those who weren't worrying were borrowing at the only place they could, from the banks in the city. The money they paid in interest was going into the city and it wasn't coming back to the country. It should have been staying in the country to work for the people, d'you see now?"

The younger generation were not happy in the country either. For some time, the Church had been worrying about the trend away from the land. The city offered higher wages, more comforts, excitement. And Father O'Reilly saw a threat to home life and Church strength in city dwellers with their smaller families.

Father O'Reilly is a modern priest who believes that a pastor should not only concern himself with the spiritual welfare of his flock, but with their material well-being as well. He resolved to do something about conditions in his parish. He talked things over first with his friend, Father Frank McGoeey of Schomberg, Ontario, who suggested that a credit union might be the answer.

In September, 1946, Father O'Reilly called a meeting of his parishioners to discuss the possibility of a credit union "strictly from the layman's point of view." They met every week for eight months, and authorities on credit unions came to Colgan to talk to Father O'Reilly and his people. One noted credit unionist, Father W. C. Dwyer of

Medawaska, Ontario, laughed when Father O'Reilly said he was aiming for a capital of \$5,000. "Why, \$50,000 would be more like it," he said.

It was only in May, 1947, that Father O'Reilly's government-chartered Adjala Credit union elected its first board of directors. With only two exceptions, all the officials were farmers like President James Joyce; Vice-President Mrs. Charles McKenna is a farmer's wife, and Secretary-Treasurer Charlie Morrow is a building contractor.

In the first seven months of operation, the farmers of the district cautiously invested \$11,000 in the new credit union. It was lent out as fast as it came in. When the careful ones saw the union return 4% on investments, they looked with new respect on Father O'Reilly's brain child. Consequently, in 1948, the credit union's capital swelled to \$110,000. By June of this year, \$150,000 had been invested and lent out. Although there is no guarantee of any interest rate, the union paid 4% again last year and probably will for 1949. Of the union's profits, 20% goes into a sinking fund for emergencies (so far there have been none), and the remaining 80% regulates the interest on investments. Borrowers pay 1/2% interest per month on the unpaid balance, which works out to less than 6% a year. So far, each year there has been a 1% rebate to borrowers, but like returns to investors, this depends on how the union fares during the year.

A loan committee (farmers William Ronon, Joseph Kelly, and Charlie Pendergast) passes on loans. Both investor and borrower are protected. "No one will ever lose money in the credit union," Father O'Reilly maintains.

All borrowings are insured against the life of the borrower. If a man buying a house through the credit union were to die, for instance, the insurance company would pay the debt to the union and his widow would get the house, debt free. Also, the money he had invested in credit-union shares (all union members must own at least one \$5 share) would be doubled and paid to his wife.

In 1948 Father O'Reilly tackled the housing shortage with his usual gusto. Although materials were hard to get and expensive, he shopped around until he was able to buy large quantities of cement blocks, lumber, nails, and other building supplies at a reasonable price. By year's end he had built five houses and had four more under construction. The low cost of country labor (carpenters get 75c an hour, others 50c), and the bargains Father O'Reilly wangled on building materials and land, kept costs down, and his housing program supplied much-needed jobs for the young men of the district.

Although he could easily have sold the five- to seven-room houses for from \$8,000 to \$10,000 cash to house-hungry Torontonians (one

man offered \$12,000 for a house that cost about \$4,000), Father O'Reilly insisted on selling the houses to young families at cost—from \$3,500 to \$4,500, including land, plumbing, wiring, and heating system. The only conditions were: they must really need a house; they must have at least two children; and they must want to live in a small town for at least five years. No down payment was necessary, although some had savings they used for that purpose. Many just moved in and began paying off their house in monthly installments (from \$20 to \$50, depending on the buyer's means).

The credit union keeps the deed to house and property until half the purchase price is paid, and keeps it covered with fire insurance. To prevent any slick operators from buying a seven-room new house for \$3,500 and reselling it for more than double, there is a clause in the contract which stipulates that if a buyer sells his house within five years he must sell it back to the credit union at cost less depreciation. Similarly, if he is forced to move to another district for business reasons, what he has paid towards the cost of the house is refunded, less deductions for depreciation of the house.

Father O'Reilly early realized that rural education must figure in his scheme to keep country youth down on the farm. The Catholic children had to travel long distances to go to school, and most had to complete their educations in the city. In city

schools they were called hicks, and often came to feel that there was a stigma attached to country living. They returned to the country dissatisfied with the lack of city comforts and entertainments. As jobs in the country were few, many returned to the city to work, came home only for visits.

In answer, Father O'Reilly built a modern \$30,000 school in Colgan, complete with running water and inside toilets, rarely found in country schools. The entire community pitched in to help with the building.

Busy is hardly the word for Father O'Reilly. His day starts at the altar before 6 A.M. His life is a continual round of church services, Baptisms, marriages, sick calls, and funerals, interspersed with visits. At 4:30 P.M. each weekday, he climbs into a big, yellow bus and drives a load of laughing children home from school. His nights are taken up with credit-union business. Sunday is supposed to be his day of rest. That day he says Mass in both the Colgan and Tottenham churches. The Sunday afternoons that are not taken up with Baptisms, or visits, he spends working on his hobby (making things like lamps and smoking stands out of wood) or playing bridge with priests from neighboring parishes. Sunday eve-

nings, Father O'Reilly puts on the movies (as new as any shown in city theaters) in the basement of the church. School buses bring the people from surrounding districts to and from the show, which they get for cost, the price of renting the films. The show, plus bus ride, costs a quarter.

One blizzard day in November, 1948, Father O'Reilly had visitors he had never seen before. They were a young couple with their one-year-old daughter. They had come from the city; they needed a place to live. They had had to move 19 times in the last year and now a second child was on the way.

For a few minutes Father O'Reilly talked to the young couple, unobtrusively sizing them up. Then he said, "I'm building a house in Tottenham. I started it for the local provincial police chief but he's just been transferred. I'll drive you down to see it, and if you like it I'll sell it to you at cost." They liked it.

"It'll be finished in about a month, should just beat the stork," Father O'Reilly confided to the young man. "The country's the only place to bring kids up. You'll be happy here."

They were happy. I know, because I was the guy who bought that house.

With the Hail-Mary Play

BROADWAYITE Bobby Carmichael, ex-North Carolina football player, says of Notre Dame, "Why, their Protestant team could beat us."

From It Happened Last Night by Earl Wilson (N. Y. Post, 17 Nov. '49).

Where mountains ring with the truths of salvation

Preaching on Ozark Trails

By HENRY LEXAU

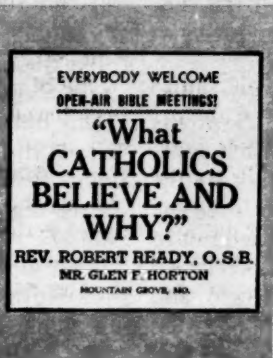
Condensed from the *Marianist**

I HAD just got into Kansas City for Sunday Mass at the Cathedral and I was drowsy, but the way the priest preached his sermon woke me up right away. He was talking about the thing I had come to investigate.

"You Kansas City Catholics are well off," he said. "You've got churches, schools, convents. One hundred years ago you didn't have them. You didn't have money to pay for them; you didn't have Catholics to support them. Other Catholics in territories already built up had to help you start out. They sent you money; they sent you missionaries; they built you your first churches.

"Now you're in a position to do the same thing those other Catholics did for you. You can help the Church start in a new area. That area is right here in Missouri."

He went on to explain. Somehow, when the faith was planted in any nation, it always seemed to settle in the great cities, and by-pass the country. That's what had happened in Missouri. Kansas City itself had its



share of Catholics, but the diocese had only 80,000 Catholics in a population well over a million. There were areas where the people had never seen a priest. There were counties where there weren't even 50 Catholics. Now, rural Catholics need the sacraments the same as city Cath-

olics. It was up to the more prosperous city folk to see that they got them.

True, the sermon was only talk. But it was impressive, straightforward talk. And what followed was action. Ushers passed through the aisles collecting money. Bishop O'Hara was going to use it to build mission chapels in key towns all over the southwestern corner of Missouri. They would be the nuclei of future parishes.

Then, after Mass, the priest and congregation said special prayers. Those were for the success of the diocesan street-preaching program, "the apostolate of good will." My ears perked up at that. That's why I was down in Missouri, to get information on the energetic street-

*University of Dayton, Dayton, 9, Ohio. January, 1949.

preaching of priests in this diocese.

That sermon was my first information. Street-preaching had passed the experiment stage. It had a regular place in the diocesan organization; it was part of a plan. That plan had for its ultimate object the conversion of rural Missouri.

I learned a lot about the program that day. It is not only well-organized; it is big. Last year 75 priests preached in 35 counties. Each priest was assigned a specific task by the bishop; the town, the date, even the sermon subjects, were picked out in advance. A central office released public-address equipment and pamphlets, handled correspondence.

Each January, the diocese holds a Street-Preachers' institute to help out beginners. They are told how to handle the public-address equipment, how to get permission to use public squares, how to publicize their talks.

Then they give practice sermons, and are criticized by the older hands. "Don't be argumentative," they are told. "You're in town to discuss the Catholic religion, not any other. Speak simply. *Infallibility, Incarnation, sanctifying grace* are words in a foreign language to most Protestants. Quote Scripture. Quote Scripture. Quote Scripture.

"Make friends with the children. They're your hope for tomorrow. Let them each say a few words into the microphone. And never get angry with them: they'll never forget or forgive it if you do.

"Work with the local pastor. He may have to come 60 miles to sit on your speaker's platform, but see that he's there. Have him open prayers. Introduce him. Let your audience know that he's the man to see if they want to learn anything more about the Church."

At the institute the young priests learn the kind of questions they are going to be asked. There is one that always comes up, "Why do you wear your collar backwards?" Others fairly regular are, "Is it a sin to smoke?" "Where does it say that Christ drank wine?" "Why don't you finish the Lord's Prayer?" And then they have to learn how to answer the unexpected ones, like, "How old does a nun have to be before she is released to go home?"

But for all I was learning I was still anxious to see some actual street-preaching. Getting information at headquarters wasn't good enough. I wanted to see the real thing.

Next dawn found me on a rickety old train creeping along a ridge in the heart of the Ozark mountains. Miles of gorgeous wooded hills dropped off on either side of the ridge, their green still shining in the morning dew.

I was heading for Mountain Grove, Mo. That was where I would find Father Robert Ready, a leader of the street-preaching movement, and a crack preacher himself. Besides, I had been told, his parish was a perfect example of what the Church was up against in rural Mis-

souri and the South. "Ready's diocese," as his friends called it, covered three counties; it contained 165 Catholics.

Father Ready met me at the station. He surprised me. From the way his friends had talked, I had expected a giant edition of Fulton Sheen and a megaphone voice that would carry for miles. Instead, Father Ready turned out to be short, shy, very quiet. A simple Benedictine priest.

We drove to a restaurant on the town square for breakfast. Father apologized for not taking me to his rectory. He had no housekeeper to cook for him, he explained, and he tried to eat out quite a bit. It was a policy he had set for himself. That way he would meet more people, and more people would meet the official representative of the Catholic Church in Wright, Douglas, and Ozark counties.

As we wound our way among the tables, I saw the success of his policy. Everyone in the restaurant looked up to say hello. Father answered them back with their own first names.

When we sat down, Father told me other ways he gets to meet people. Instead of having mail delivered, he uses a post-office box. Instead of taking a newspaper, he gets his news at the local drugstore. Purchasing from local tradespeople is a good way to make friends too, he said. He buys everything in town. And he joins local organizations. He is

a member of the Mountain Grove Chamber of Commerce. He has also been chairman of the Red Cross Fund drive for a number of years.

"Showing myself is one small way to attack our real difficulty," Father said. "That difficulty is that people in the rural South just don't know the Church as she really is. They have all grown up on bogey stories about papists, priests, and nunneries.

"Ultimately, the only real answer is to build churches everywhere down here. The people will have to see the Church in day-to-day action before they can brush away the cobwebs of prejudice. Maybe Bishop O'Hara's mission chapels will help out.

"Meanwhile," Father said, "a beginning has to be made. We've got to make contact with the people who've never known us. That's where street-preaching comes in. We don't expect sensational results from it in the way of converts. I've only made 25 in the seven years I've been here. Its results will only be known in the future. When you get right down to it, it will be next to impossible to chase away the prejudices of the current generation. We can only hope to make a few friends, let people know we're around, and intend to stay. Maybe the children will be easier to influence. And maybe their children are the souls we are out to gather in. You never know."

Street-preaching has a more obvious effect on Catholics than on

non-Catholics. They stay Catholic. In such a thoroughly Protestant community, with Catholics so far apart, it is an easy thing to lose one's faith. All your neighbors go to the Baptist church and not just on Sunday. There are always doings of some sort: revivals, camp meetings. Religion is the big leisure-time activity, just like the movies in the cities. It's all too easy to do—forget about your catechism and go have fun with your neighbors. And it happens—just look at the names: Moriarty, O'Hara, Kelley, Murphy—all Baptist.

Street-preaching is good for the Catholics. It takes the place of a mission in the cities; gives them a little moral backing up; makes them feel they're not entirely deserted.

Late in the afternoon, Father and I left for Richville, 30 miles south. First, though, we stopped by at the farm of Glen Horton to have dinner. Mr. Horton's family was big; his meal was big. So also was his generosity. He'd spent a hard day already, working ungrateful Ozark soil, but he was going to drive with us to Richville to help with the preaching. No matter how hard his day, he always went along with Father Ready.

Normally, the program involves only priests, but Father Ready has no other priest to help him out. Mr. Horton is only too willing to fulfill the lack, and he's only too able. He's a convert and a natural-born speaker. Besides, he's an Ozark farmer

like the rest of the audience, and well known.

Richville turned out to be just a place where the road widens. The only building was a general store. Cars and trucks were already parked outside. The store had remained open, the owner anticipating an increase of business. He got it; and heartily welcomed the Catholics back any time they wanted to bring another thirsty crowd.

Father wasted no time beginning. He set up a loud-speaker, put a phonograph on the front seat of the car, and opened up with *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Father said he used to start out with Strauss waltzes, but he got too many criticisms in his question box about Catholics using profane dance music. Now he uses marches. Somehow his listeners always fear that Catholics are un-American and that their presence at a Catholic meeting smells faintly of treason. Patriotic music reassures them. The music lasted about 15 minutes, with marches slowly giving way to pieces like *Ave Maria* and *The Rosary*. More cars were attracted in from the road by the lights and the blasting music.

Then Father Ready stepped out into the spotlight he had rigged up in front of the car. He made the sign of the cross.

"Ladies and gentlemen. We've come to Richville to give five nights of Bible lectures. We are here to tell you about Jesus Christ and the

Church He founded, which we are privileged to serve. We are here to renew our lives with the things that shall not pass away."

Then he went on to remind his hearers that Catholics form one-sixth of the population of the U. S. It was good that they were taking this opportunity to learn from Catholics what Catholics believe. That's the American spirit of fair play.

He talked just long enough to get his audience interested. Then he sat down. Mr. Horton got up. He referred to a few laughable slanders against the Church, mixed in a few jokes. The audience laughed. They were now warmed up to the main business of the evening. Father Ready stepped out into the spotlight again. He was silent a few seconds, then slowly he began to speak.

"Tonight we're going to talk about the Catholic Church and the Bible. Many of you have heard that we don't read the Bible, that we burn Bibles. Tonight we're going to explain."

Talking for about 40 minutes, Father Ready cleared up all the popular misunderstandings about the Catholic Church and the Bible. He was impressive, standing out in the spotlight, speaking slowly and de-

liberately. He had no notes; he looked straight at his audience, but he never once fumbled for a word or a quotation. He knew what he was saying. He quoted constantly and exactly from the Bible.

"If you will look in the Gospel of St. John," he'd say, "in the 20th chapter, at the 23rd verse, you will find. . . ." All around him, in the cars and trucks and darkness, there was silence. Even the crickets seemed spellbound.

When it was over, and Father Ready and Mr. Horton were packing up, I walked around to get a little of the crowd's reaction. Everyone seemed a little stunned by so much learning. They were still in a reverential mood, speaking in whispers. Father's ability to speak so long and so well without notes impressed them all. And one lady said, "I never heard so much Scripture preached in all my life." They would all come back the next night.

Back in Mountain Grove, waiting for my train to be flagged down, Father had one more thing to say, "You know, a lot of people think we're degrading the priesthood by preaching in the streets. I wish you'd remind them in your story that Christ did it first."

A RECURRENT MOSCOW joke, told by Russians with a wry smile, describes the janitor of an apartment building walking through the halls and knocking on the doors at midnight, and calling out loudly at the same time, "Don't be afraid, comrades, it's only a fire."

From *My Three Years in Moscow* by Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith in the *New York Times*.

*The world's first sailor landed on Mt.
Ararat and maybe his ship is still there.*

Hunting Noe's Ark

By RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

NOE'S ARK is the most famous of the world's ships. Explorers have told stories of seeing its remains so often that at times there was little doubt even as to its location. Right now interest is so intense that explorers have organized four expeditions to search for the vessel.

The first, headed by Dr. Smith of North Carolina, failed last year to find any ship on snow-capped Mt. Ararat in Armenia. He and his small party of five Americans ran into severe weather around the 16,945-foot peak. The Ark, in that kind of weather, could easily have been covered by snow in some deep crevice. If the Ark is ever found it will be at a time when much of the snow is melted.

During the 1st World War, a Russian airman, Vladimir Roskovitsky, stationed 25 miles northwest of Mt. Ararat,

amazed the world with his eyewitness account of the Ark.

One unusually hot summer day, he said, he and a companion were ordered to test a repaired fighter plane. After a short warm-up they climbed to 14,000 feet and headed for Mt. Ararat. They circled it several times. As they prepared to return, Roskovitsky took the plane into a long glide down the south side

of the mountain. Suddenly they saw the hulk of a huge vessel resting among the crags.

Flying closer they saw an ancient ship about 400 feet long (a Bible footnote says the Ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 45 feet high). It had stubby masts, and the top was rounded, as though the builder had expected waves to wash over it. Down its length was a catwalk. They reported that it was grounded on the shores of a small lake, about three parts submerged.



Of course, when Roskovitsky told his story, he was ridiculed. However, his commanding officer ordered Roskovitsky to fly him over the spot. According to the story, this was done, and the officer saw the hulk and gave the same account.

A report was made and sent to the czar. He immediately ordered explorers out to examine the startling discovery. Soldiers climbed the mountain, found the Ark, and photographed it.

But then the Russian Revolution broke out; the report and the photographs were lost or destroyed. Some say that they were destroyed by Bolsheviks trying to discredit belief in the Bible. Only last year, the Russians tried to get the Turks to forbid any foreigners to search the mountains.

During World War II there was another scrap of evidence from Russia. Major Jasper Maskelyn, the wartime chief of Russian camouflage, reported, "One of my men flew over Mt. Ararat in a reconnaissance aircraft in an attempt to check a story that the Ark had been sighted there by a Russian airman in the 1st World War. He reported that he saw a partly submerged vessel in an ice lake. Arctic climbers investigated the lake, which was partly thawed [again the weather element was favorable] and found the remains of an Ark, very rotted, over 400 feet long, composed of a fossilized wood looking almost like coal."

"Looking almost like coal" checks with another story dated some 2000 years ago. Berossus of Babylon wrote that his people climbed Mt. Ararat to obtain bituminous-coated timber from an Ark.

Another writer of that period, Josephus, the Jewish historian, wrote about 100 A.D. that the Ark was then known to be still more or less intact on Ararat.

Through the years the tale was forgotten except by the Armenian villagers on the plateau near the mountain. They always believed and believe to this day that the Ark lies submerged, sometimes only half submerged, mocking but real, in an icy ravine.

The most sensational clue was unearthed in 1883. An earthquake dislodged huge chunks of ice from the summit of Mt. Ararat. Great havoc resulted. Entire villages were destroyed and the hills cracked. Turkish authorities sent expeditions to the mountains to check on possible avalanches. The party came back breathless: they had found the wooden prow of an ancient ship protruding from a glacier!

When the villagers heard the news they merely shrugged their shoulders. They had known about the ship for generations, but no one went near it for fear of evil spirits.

Explorers sent to the spot found the vessel in a fair state of preservation though partly broken. They entered three rooms. The rest of the ship was imbedded in ice and in-

accessible to the party of searchers.

The stories continued. In 1893, Dr. Nouri, then Archdeacon of Jerusalem and Babylon, exploring along the source of the Euphrates, reached Mt. Ararat. He claimed that he and his party saw, touched, and explored the remains of the Ark.

"The bow and stern," he writes, "were clearly visible, while the center was buried in snow. The wood appears to have been very thick, with nails a foot long protruding from the dark-reddish beams."

The archdeacon, a world lecturer able to converse in 12 languages, was a close friend of Theodore Roosevelt—not a person likely to fabricate a story of such world-wide importance.

So credible were the stories at this time that a group of Belgian financiers tried to get an expedition together to find the Ark, cut it up, bring it to America, and re-erect it at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. They hoped to encase each piece of timber in plaster of paris, since without some preservative the wood un-

doubtedly would crumble to powder. The Turkish authorities, however, would not grant permission to take the Ark, if found, out of the country, and the scheme was abandoned.

Then came the recent rumors. During the 2nd World War two Australian airmen showed in the bar of an English inn aerial photographs they said they had taken of Noe's Ark in a cleft of Mount Ararat. If the story is true, it certainly is odd that no more interest was aroused at the time. The Australian airmen vanished, taking their pictures with them.

The first expedition by Dr. Smith has failed. But others are now being planned. Egerton Sykes will lead a British expedition; another may soon set off from Holland; and yet another from the U. S.

If their search is intent enough, and planned for a time when the sun is hottest upon the snows of Ararat, they may conceivably come back with the greatest archeological discovery of our age.



In the Name of Art

MARCHESE AUGUSTO BAVIERA, first director of *Osservatore Romano*, had publication headaches from the start. During the arts exhibition in the Diocleziano Thermae, early in 1870, the knight Visconti, art editor of *Osservatore*, wrote that a French sculptor's statue was ugly.

The French colony in Rome was

furious. The government, to get peace, ordered Baviera to suspend publication for several days.

Pius IX went to visit the exhibition. He saw the statue. Turning to the Father who was with him, he said in a low voice, "Poor Baviera; he was right, and right was his paper."

Don Guido Galli.

Raising all rates is not the answer to putting the Post Office on a paying basis, says the Hoover Commission

Streamline the Post Office

By FRANK GERVASI

Condensed from a book*



IN THE last Congress bills were introduced in both houses to raise the rates of postal service in order to balance the budget. In the same year the Hoover report on the Post Office was issued. This is described briefly below. It shows that no raises are necessary, if post-office procedures are reorganized.

The sensible thing to do is to carry out the proposals of the Hoover report and *then* talk about raising rates. Incredible though it seems, the mind of the last Congress was to raise the rates and *ignore* the Hoover report.

SINCE 1908, reformers have wanted to put the Post Office department on a sound business basis. In that year the Penrose-Overstreet joint commission urged that it be broken down into regional units so that, for instance, a postmaster in Valdosta, Ga., need not ask Washington for a new postal weighing scale but might obtain it from, say, a regional headquarters in Atlanta.

The Hoover commission has again tackled the Post Office problem. It proposed also a reorganization to convert the postal establishment into a "business" institution,

completely nonpolitical and largely independent. The changes recommended, in many instances, would require from Congress a major grant of new powers.

Congress would set postage rates, but the postmaster general would fix rates for "special services" such as registry, money orders, postal cards, special delivery, and postal savings.

The Senate's present right to confirm local postmaster appointments would be abolished. The postmaster general would be only a policy-making chief. A Director of Posts ap-

*Big Government. Copyright, 1949. Whittlesey House, 330 W. 42nd St., New York City, 18. 347 pp. \$4. 67

pointed "without term," virtually a permanent career officer, would operate the department. The commission further recommended that the postmaster general "should not be an official of a political party, such as chairman of a national committee."

Fifteen regions would be set up, each with a career director, and each broken down into districts—90 of them in the nation. Central bureaus in Washington would be service agencies, rather than executive authorities.

These recommendations, if carried out, would modernize procedures, save money, expedite the mails, and improve cooperation with the public.

The Hoover commission said that for sociological reasons the Post Office cannot simply wipe out all unprofitable activities. The responsibility for carrying the mails to the smallest village outweighs the question of whether each particular post office is profitable. But many business methods could be adopted to help the Post Office pay its own way.

In 1947 the total Post Office deficit was \$263 million, equal to 20% of revenues. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1948, the deficit mounted to \$310 million, or 22% of revenues. For the year ending June 30, 1949, the deficit is expected to exceed \$500 million, more than 30% of revenue expected. The Post Office is losing money on every type of service except 1st-class mails (even 1c postal

cards impose a loss) and the postal-savings system.

The basic structure of the postal establishment has not been changed since 1836. In that year the revenues from mail services were about \$3,400,000. By 1947, employees numbered more than 470,000 and revenues were more than \$1,400 million. Both in 1948 and 1949 revenues continued to rise—but so did costs and deficits.

To handle this volume of business the postal establishment still has local postmasters, now more than 42,000 of them, directly responsible, in line of authority, to the postmaster general in Washington. For final accounting, the cash books, and receipts and expenditures records of each local office eventually must be sent in transcript to Washington, with supporting documents, for approval by the General Accounting office. The GAO, directed by the comptroller general, is responsible to Congress, not the executive branch of government; and its final accounts are many months behind the actual operations of the post offices.

Appropriations for the Post Office are split up into 58 separate annual funds, each of which must be independently justified to Congress, and reviewed and approved by Congress.

Because of rigid legislative controls and lack of flexibility in operation, failures to adopt standard and improved business techniques are rather common.

1. At the larger post offices, which account for 60% of total postal revenues, 80% of present hand-sorting operations could be performed with machinery.

2. No modern, complete system of cost accounting exists.

3. The average age of the Post Office's fleet of trucks is 15½ years, and costs of maintenance and operation are inevitably high. Total direct operating costs for motor vehicles in 1947 were \$2 million higher than necessary.

4. Because the Civil Service commission recruits most personnel, the postmaster general is deprived of control of the establishment's employees. Yet thousands of temporary employees must be hired, at intervals, under loose practices.

5. Many of the special services (registry, insurance, money orders, C.O.D., and special delivery) represent an overservice to the public on their present basis. For example, the penny postal card is supposed to be a poor man's service. Yet about

85% of the 3,300 million postal cards used in 1947 were used for business purposes. Total loss to the department: \$50 million.

6. To adjust parcel post (4th-class) rates, so as to make this service pay, the department must go through the Interstate Commerce commission, and there it encounters interminable delays. Total loss on the service in 1948: \$70 million.

The Hoover commission skipped lightly over the issue of low rates historically granted newspapers and magazines in the field of 2nd-class mail—possibly from a feeling that the issue of public policy involved lay outside its field. (Newspapers and magazines get low rates because they disseminate information.)

The question Congress must decide is whether it wishes the postal establishment improved. New management techniques could cut annual costs of the bigger post offices by \$80 million net, and additional savings of \$60 million a year could be obtained by new machinery.

To Him That Hath

A CUSTOMER wrote to Stanley Marcus of the Neiman-Marcus store in Dallas: "I have been receiving expensive brochures from you at regular intervals. You might divert a little of the fortune you must be spending for them to raise the salaries of your more faithful employees. For instance, there is an unassuming, plainly dressed man on the 2nd floor who always treats me with extreme courtesy, and generally

persuades me to buy something I don't really want. Why don't you pay him a little more? He looks as though he could use it."

A few days later the customer received a courteous reply from Stanley Marcus. "Your letter impressed us so deeply," he wrote, "that we called a directors' meeting immediately, and thanks solely to your solicitude, voted my father a \$20-a-week raise."

Cosmopolitan.



Vines like
*Snails obey the holy
Will of God slowly*

How Far Can a Morning-Glory See?

By JAMES R. SIMMONS

Condensed from the *Land**



MY MORNING-GLORY vine started life in a shady spot at the corner of the building, and after lifting a small tendril several inches from the ground, began prospecting for suitable pathways to the sun. Sometimes, discouraged, it would lower the tendril to the ground, contemplating, no doubt, a life of humble accomplishment there, and a limited existence among giant weeds.

I pushed into the ground a slender stick, five feet long, 12 inches distant from the waving tendril of the morning-glory. In a single night the tendril found it, and started its upward spiral, always to the right, according to the manner of vines in our northern hemisphere.

In two weeks my vine had completed its upward march to the end of this five-foot stake. There another crisis even greater than the first was suddenly encountered, and the vine began once more to wave its tendril about, seeking the lost trail to the sun.

Again I furnished the needed opportunity, by nailing to the building

another five-foot stick, allowing the lower end to reach within 12 inches of the upper end of the first stake. Then followed a performance so fascinating as to interrupt all my interest in regular work.

First, the tendril extended itself in a horizontal line, due south by the compass, and in an hour had moved to a point nearly due east. During the next hour it swung from east to northeast, meantime developing at its growing end a small hook, resembling the loop in a lariat. Apparently the vine was now preparing to make a cast for the end of the stick 12 inches above. This would require another hour of slow motion.

As a bold upward thrust was completed, the tiny hook closed over its objective. For a time it held securely, while other plants drooped in the intense summer heat. Slowly, however, its grip began to weaken. Its first bid for a successful cast ended at 4 P.M. in failure. My vine then rested for two hours.

The second and victorious throw occurred after sundown. The vine

landed its sensitive lariat over the branch at a point precisely $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch beyond a slight bud swelling, which secured the tendril's loop.

During the night a corkscrew turn to the right had been made around the support. At noon my morning-glory had reached the sunlight.

When the leading tendril of my morning-glory had arrived at its coveted position, the total length of the vine from ground to roof edge was 15 feet. Naturally, it occurred to me, the vine would proceed onward, how far I could only guess. For life is growth, and plants do not pause in mid-growing season unless forced to do so by drought, accident or disease. But in this case I was wrong, and my interference in the matter was declined with thanks.

One morning, shortly after the morning-glory's exciting experience in reaching its main objective on the building, I noticed that the exploring feeler had thrust itself into a small crack between the boards. It was beginning to develop some-

what abnormal humps and curves, as if its sense of direction and its objective had been lost. Daily, for four days, I straightened it out, and even tried to assist by giving it a turn or two around its support. Yet each time, during the night, the vine took measures to overcome my interference.

Presently other shoots, similar to the leader, began to grow all along the body of the vine. While the leading tendril still explored the dark area between the boards, those shoots grew apace. The shoots finally spread themselves out on the roof and along the support beyond where the original leader had terminated its career. On those lateral shoots the blossom buds began to appear.

Our first bloom presented itself on a morning in July, and on the following morning two blooms, close together, unfolded in the sunlight. From then until frost a goodly array of colorful flowers appeared on the building, a daily and acceptable gift for the planting of a seed.

Theology

HE WAS a ragged little bootblack, picking up a few pennies outside Grand Central station. A scapular medal dangled rhythmically from his neck as he applied shoe and elbow grease.

"Sonny," queried a cigar-puffing bigwig, "why the hardware on your neck?"

"Because she is the Mother of Christ," said the lad.

"But," objected the big-shot, "she's just another creature, no different than your mother or mine, kid!"

"That's right, mister," shot back the lad. "But there's a hell of a difference in the sons."

From the Notre Dame Religious Bulletin (28 Oct. '49).

*The people would benefit if they could
understand the words of the priest*

Latin Is Dead and Deadly

By S. J. GOSLING

Condensed from *Liturgy**

ON THE battlefields of France I saw, for the first time in my life, men in dire need of everything that I, as a priest, could give them. Some of them knew what they needed; some did not.

In the greatest things that I could give them, the Mass and the sacraments, there fell between us the curtain of an unknown tongue. Only in confession were they thoroughly at home; they could tell their sad little stories in their own language, and could receive advice and consolation in words they understood. Since to be present at Mass was an obligation to a good Catholic, they went to Mass and knelt and said their prayers, but most of them took no part in the Mass because of their ignorance of the Latin language. To be anointed and to receive Holy Communion comforted and consoled them because they knew it was for their good; but it was a rite performed upon them. They were passive receivers of grace, as passive as they had been on the operating table under the surgeon's hands.

The war ended and I came home to a little parish of my own. I was

faced with the same problem. I was pastor of the same people; honest, decent souls, but completely ignorant of the liturgy and its place in the Church's worship. They accepted it with sublime faith without understanding it. They were content that it should be so because they felt dimly that it was the price they had to pay for belonging to a universal Church. I, not they, began to wonder whether the price was not too high for something of no benefit to them nor the common people the world over.

If everybody lived in a monastery, or if it were merely a matter of private devotion and culture, and let the rest of the world go hang, I would keep Latin gladly and enthusiastically. But I am a rural pastor, and not one of my parishioners could translate a collect from the missal or a prayer from the Ritual.

We Catholics live by Holy Scripture and tradition, guided by the authority of the Holy See. We are naturally conservative-minded; it is not easy to question any usage that has been handed down to us. Our common Catholic conscience is sus-

picious of new-fangled ways and notions; experience has taught us the need for caution. Yet age alone, though it calls for respect, does not of itself justify all its acts and ways. Pius XII in the very act of reproving rash novelties in liturgical worship warns us against the dangers of excessive archaism.

We have harsh expressions for persons who use words they do not understand. It is in the liturgy alone that such unintelligent use of words is allowed, defended, even advocated.

It is said that the mysteries of religion are appropriately clothed in mysterious language. But this statement fails to distinguish *mystery* from *mysteriousness*; the latter word connotes the occult, enigmatical, dark, and the mysteries of religion are not mysterious in that sense. If you say that they are you take the first false step toward magic and superstition. The genius of the Catholic Church has always led in the opposite direction and her prayer has ever been for more light.

The use of Latin, even for those who do not understand it, is defended on more reasonable grounds. The Latinists agree that an unknown tongue in worship is inconvenient and even to some extent illogical. But they maintain that the essential note of prayer is the lifting up of mind and heart in praise and adoration. For that, a precise and intellectual knowledge of the words used is not necessary.

The answer to that argument is that a great deal of the liturgy is there to instruct us about God. Through the vernacular we gain a deeper knowledge of, and a more intelligent participation in, the sacred mysteries. I make no attack on the Latin language as such. I ask for a change of language, for those who do not understand Latin, only in those rites and ceremonies in which the people are expected and commanded to take their part. The rites of the Church and the administration of the sacraments so conducted would immeasurably strengthen the spiritual life of the participants.

There is, however, one objection to a vernacular liturgy to which I have no answer: the music of the liturgy. Has all that got to go? I am no musician, but I have never been able to see why English hymns and psalms may not be sung to Gregorian tunes. If we leave the Mass alone, as many of the English Liturgy society advocate, practically the only musical settings that we should require would be for the hymns and psalms. Gregorianists, some, not all, tell me that I am talking foolishly when I suggest combining English words with Gregorian melodies. If that indeed be so, then I must fall back on my second line of defense. Surely, even the most enthusiastic Gregorianist does not think that the ability to compose religious music ended with the 15th century. The Anglican church seems to have produced dignified, appro-

priate music for English words. The supreme merit of the Gregorian chant is that it has grown out of the Latin words. Is it impossible to produce a music that grows out of the English words?

The cause of the vernacular liturgy is gaining ground. Everything points that way. A Church historian said to me that the vernacular movement manifests the one unmistakable note that has characterized every successful Church reform in history: the demand for it appears suddenly, simultaneously, without promptings or collusion, in every part of the Catholic world. Certainly the present movement has shown this mark or sign. In Belgium, France, Germany, and Austria the call for reform has been so insistent as in some cases to overstep the bounds of prudence, and too enthusiastic advocates have merited rebuke.

From far South Africa and India voices have been heard in the same cause, and in Australia ecclesiastics have given their support. In the U.S., the Vernacular society has been formed with the same object.

More important still, movements among the Catholic rank and file do not lack sympathy and encouragement from above. The Holy See granted permission to the diocese of Liege to use French or Flemish in the administration of Baptism, marriage, and the last sacraments. The Sacred Congregation of Rites has approved for Germany a new Ritual in which all the prayers, except the Latin sacramental formulas, are in German.

This development finds its impetus in the words of Pius X: "The active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church is the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit." And it finds its justification in the words of the present Pope: "The use of the Latin language, customary in a considerable portion of the Church, is a manifest and beautiful sign of unity, as well as an effective antidote for any corruption of doctrinal truth. In spite of this, the use of the mother tongue in connection with several of the rites may be of much advantage to the people."



The More You Get

A NUMBER of women were asked the question: "How much more money would you need each week to run your house without worry and without disagreements with your husband?" The incomes of the women's husbands ranged from \$35 to more than \$100 a week—but, surprisingly, the women in all income groups demanded the same increase: \$10 to \$15 a week.

Magazine Digest (March '49).

*The fine art of defamation
almost kills an historic film*

Movie About Mindszenty

By EMMET LAVERY

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

"SO YOU'RE going to make an independent film about Cardinal Mindszenty?" asked the liberal on Hollywood Blvd. "Pro or con?"

"Mindszenty?" murmured a cautious little producer in the executive dining room of a major studio. "He was anti-Semitic, wasn't he? That's what I heard."

"Look," said a reporter on a trade paper. "Who can tell about Hungarians? Maybe you find something that's a little worse than what you have already."

"Everybody knows the man was a fascist," pointed out the man-with-some-quick-money-to-invest. "And an operator on the black market as well. I'd say leave well enough alone."

"Listen," urged the agent who never takes a chance on anybody. "If he isn't guilty of treason, he's probably guilty of something else. You want to start a war with Russia



right now maybe?"

No, we didn't wish to start a war with Russia. A few of us in the independent field merely wanted to start a film dealing with the so-called "trial" of Cardinal Mindszenty. To us the proceeding did not seem to be a trial, in any usual sense of the word. It was a

propaganda maneuver designed to obscure the basic issues. It was a political court-martial convened on the direct orders of the Politburo in Moscow, and carried out under the personal supervision of Vice-Premier Rakosi, a Hungarian politician who happens to be both a member of the Politburo and a brigadier-general in the Soviet Army.

Here, we felt, was a defendant entitled to the benefit of every reasonable doubt. He was a man of the people, a peasant of the peasants. He was not at all the typical diplomat: he was, as a matter of fact, a stubborn man of principle.

To a few of us in Hollywood, the issue seemed quite clear. It was not Cardinal Mindszenty who was "guilty of treason." It was Comrade Rakosi, the vice-premier of Hungary. Rakosi had delivered up Hungary to the complete control and domination of the Soviet Union. Rakosi had kept the Russian army in Hungary long after it had "liberated" the country from the nazis. Rakosi suppressed all opposition and drove the leading liberals of Hungary into exile.

We decided not to confine ourselves to a dramatization of the public "trial." Like the five judges of the so-called "people's court," we would treat the "trial" as a mere formal arraignment after the fact. We would stress, instead, the secret "trial" that preceded the public examination. Much of Hungarian procedure today, like that of the Soviet courts in Moscow, concerns itself with the extended examination of prisoners-in-prison. We would dramatize the question of what happened to Cardinal Mindszenty and his codefendants in the 40 days of questioning that followed his arrest. We could not say, with certainty, just what particular pressures were applied. But we could show the difference in the defendant before and after his arrest: in his statements, his attitudes. We could analyze the variety of "treatments" which were considered by his captors and we could report the consistent refusal of the authorities to permit any

newspaper interviews with the cardinal after his arrest.

Yes, this was to be fictional as distinguished from documentary treatment, but this was to be fiction founded on fact. The pivotal point of our story, the arrest and "trial" of the cardinal and his immediate associates, would be a factual recreation.

This was to be a story of one man's fight for personal liberty: an appeal to the conscience of man. We felt reasonably certain that a feeling for personal liberty was one of the few remaining universal values that would have immediate appeal and meaning for people of all creeds and languages. We had, we thought, some rather impressive research upon which to base our story. We had copies of the public papers and statements of Cardinal Mindszenty himself, including his warning against any "confession" that might be extracted from him while in prison.

Yet we almost lost out. For a while it looked as if we could not make the picture. This, to be quite direct about the matter, is where the fine art of defamation comes in.

I started my screen play in February, 1949; I had the first draft finished about eight weeks later. Normally, it would have gone into production at once. My producers had good reason to believe that their financing was all set, but suddenly it wasn't set at all. One deal after another began to wither on the vine. We began to discover the full mean-

ing of what had happened in a Budapest courtroom in February, 1949.

It wasn't enough for the Soviets that the cardinal should be convicted of "treason." He had to be discredited in the eyes of the world. In this project the men from the Kremlin had the enthusiastic cooperation of officials who were experts in the technique of the "big lie." They had the roster of the nazi party in Hungary, the Hungarian Arrow Cross. Those who did not go down the drain with Hitler were quite willing and eager to do business with Stalin: two in particular: Vilmos Olti, the chief judge at the trial, and Dr. Martin Bodonyi, one of the prosecutors. In a very real way, the Hitler-Stalin pact had taken form once more.

The newspaper attacks on the cardinal began long before he was arrested and they continued long after he was sentenced to life imprisonment. The attacks were usually by Hungarian writers, seldom if ever by Russians. They were all on the same general theme: the cardinal was a traitor, antidemocratic, anti-Semitic.

Nothing was ever a matter of proof—merely of repetition. Put the lie in motion, and in time, by the usual process of chain reaction, the lie reaches clear around the world. Even to Hollywood.

To the credit of the principal Jewish agencies in this country, they were not deceived. They were not taken in by the Hungarian *Yellow*

Book, which was later withdrawn by the authorities in Budapest. Nor did they go along with the line taken by the Seldes newsletter, *In Fact*. Early in 1949 a joint statement in defense of Cardinal Mindszenty was issued by the American Jewish committee, the Jewish Labor committee, and the Jewish War Veterans. Throughout the year came the prompt and often-repeated statements of Bela Fabian, former head of the Jewish community in Budapest, revealing that the cardinal had saved many of his Jewish brethren from the terrors of the nazi occupation. More recently there was Fabian's own book.* As a former member of the Hungarian Parliament, he analyzed the new political situation in Hungary and described the heroic resistance of the cardinal to the Soviet operation.

Yet, the lie often outraces the truth. It is easy for the public at large to believe the worst about a prince of the Church, particularly if he has a strange name in a strange language.

The *Daily Worker* in New York had a gala time of it for a while, and so did the *People's World* in San Francisco. They attacked everything and everybody. Along with the New York *Freiheit*, they called on my producers to abandon our film and they urged their readers to write letters asking that the film be dropped.

It is not probable that any one of

**Cardinal Mindszenty*, Scribner's.

those articles was strong enough to influence the average channel of motion-picture financing. But the articles were part of an over-all pattern of propaganda. The subtler shades in that pattern, I am now convinced, did have an adverse effect on many of our potential investors. The things whispered at a Hollywood luncheon table are often more damaging than printer's ink.

It is true that many independents in Hollywood were facing serious budget problems about the same time, for this has not been an easy year in the independent field. Yet I think most of the independent producers would agree that our difficulties were unique. We were fighting against a new kind of whispering campaign: of defamation, apparently unorganized, and uncoordinated on the Hollywood end. But all of it was identical with the political chain reaction that began in Budapest in the spring of 1948.

Sometimes the lie would take a new twist. Occasionally, it would be suggested that it was much too soon to do a film about Cardinal Mindszenty. After all, even the best of uninformed friends would point out, no one knew just what had happened to the cardinal after he was sentenced to life imprisonment. Suppose that history, yet to be written, should come up with something new and unanswerable? Suppose—and this was surely the most extravagant invention to come out of the propaganda mill—the Church itself

should prefer that Cardinal Mindszenty be forgotten as quickly as possible?

Fortunately, for my peace of mind, I had been through this type of defeatist propaganda before. So had my producers. Edward A. Golden and Robert Golden were the men with whom I had made *Hitler's Children* (adapted from Gregor Ziemer's *Education for Death*) during the war years. We could all remember the day, for instance, when a fairly prominent executive had mumbled: "No. No. I couldn't do a story like this. Suppose Hitler should win? How would I ever explain it?"

We decided to sit out the propaganda barrage. We waited through all of May, June, July, and a good part of August. We were all ready to go and there was no money to go with. Every well in sight had dried up and then, one fine day, in walked a man with a lot of wells (oil) that hadn't dried up. Jack Wrather, a young producer from Texas, put his own money into the enterprise and things began to happen. A bank loan was arranged, casting was started, and with the Goldenes he organized a new producing corporation, Freedom Productions.

In early September the cameras started to roll at the old Enterprise studios, under direction of Felix Feist. We had Charles Bickford for the cardinal, we had a top-flight cast headed by Paul Kelly and Bonita Granville, and we had one of the

finest production crews assembled in Hollywood in recent years: able, imaginative men, every one of them doing a little more than his best because he believed in the project. We had only 16 days in which to do the picture, but the time limitation did not seem to bother anyone: it was just one more challenge.

Now, at last, the film is edited and ready for scoring. It is being released under the title, *Guilty of Treason*. For the record, it should be noted that this is not a special plea for a special group of people: there is no Catholic money involved in this production. Robert Golden and his father, Edward A. Golden, are Jewish. Jack Wrather is a Methodist. For them, as for myself, the

story of what happened to Cardinal Mindszenty at the hands of the communists in Hungary is also the story of what happened to the Jews in Germany under the nazis. It is also the story of Lajos Ordass, the Lutheran bishop of Budapest, who has been held incommunicado for a long time. It is the story of hundreds of priests in Czechoslovakia. In the last analysis, it is the inevitable story of what always happens in a one-party state: when the liberty of one religion goes, the liberty of all religions disappears.

Gradually, this particular iron curtain is beginning to dissolve. The truth is getting through to people the world over, and a good man's honor is finally being vindicated.



Prodigal

A SUGGESTION that translations of the Bible should be adapted to new requirements is made by Dr. M. Vanco, writing in a Protestant newspaper in Czechoslovakia.

Commenting on a new edition of the New Testament, Dr. Vanco takes exception to the word *king*. "It should be understood that the Holy Bible must be translated into words acceptable in a kingdom, republic or any other form of state*," he says.

The Universe.

*Like the communist absolute dictatorship in Russia?—Ed.

Prodigal Returns

A PROTESTANT theologian, Dr. James A. Beebe, formerly dean of the School of Theology at Boston university, has made the proposal of a Protestant Rosary. In an address to students of Allegheny college, he remarked that the Protestant prayer suffers from not being sufficiently meditative.

"Protestants are continually being urged but seldom told how to pray," he said, "with the result that the mind is permitted to wander, resulting in a reverie rather than in meditation. By using the Rosary, we would have definite symbols from which visual pictures could be taken, holding the mind to the meditation at hand."

Our Lady of the Cape (Oct. '49).

*There's a new kind of jump for paratroopers,
with trees for pillows*

Fighting Fires from the Air

By CLAYTON S. CROCKER

Condensed chapter of a book*

THE ROAR of the motors faded almost to silence as the patrol plane disappeared behind a gray peak. Then it came again, echoes bouncing from wall to wall in the canyon. The plane lurched each time it crossed the craggy divide on either side of the mile-deep canyon. Updrafts boosted it like a feather, then dropped it hundreds of feet toward the timbered country below. It was over the Selway Wilderness area in the Bitterroot National forest in Montana, one of the most rugged and inaccessible areas in the U.S.

Midway on the mountainside below was a small, steadily smoking fire. Lightning had touched off a dry tree. In an hour it would spread through the timber and race up the steep slope, leaving devastation in its wake. No man on foot or horse could reach the blaze in less than two days; there are no roads near it.

The plane leveled off. It slowed almost to a stalling speed a quarter of a mile to windward and a half mile above the fire. In rapid succession three men, mere dots in that tremendously big sky, jumped out.

Five minutes later, they were fighting the fire. In two hours they had put it out. They did it in routine fashion. It was a routine part of a day. Besides saving the virgin timber from devastation, they showed that effective fire fighting depends on fast mobilization of men and tools.

Back in 1905 a small group of pioneer foresters started to set up a system to reduce the tremendous yearly losses in inaccessible but priceless forests. Transportation then was by pack horses or men. Trails were few. Fire fighters struggled across canyons and up mountains 12,000 feet high. The odds against them were hopeless. The great fires of 1910



*Trees: Yearbook of Agriculture, 1949. Department of Agriculture, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 508 pp. \$2.

showed them that. From 1911 to 1925, a network of trails was built, and hundreds of pack mules were used to reduce travel time to fires. Even so, the two and a half miles an hour over the great distances within the national forests was too slow.

Then came the automobile. Between 1926 and 1938, development of low-cost truck trails opened many forest areas. But at a certain point, roads cease to be economically sound; in the remote areas rugged terrain makes cost of construction prohibitive.

The terrible fires of 1910 left foresters willing to try anything. Airplane patrol, searching for fires, was tried in a few flights in the Lake states in 1915. This failed. Flying equipment was not dependable.

In 1919, the Army Air Force provided planes and experienced pilots to patrol California forests. But the planes were poorly adapted to the pounding they got in the currents that rush through the mountain country. Often the downdraft was greater than the climbing ability of the planes. Pilots took terrible risks; many had to make forced landings amid towering trees or on cliffs and rock slides.

Then, in the 1930's, a few landing strips were built in central locations in the most remote forests. Fire fighters were flown to the one nearest a fire. From there they walked, and they cut hours, often days, from the time needed to reach a fire. But

the men still had to trudge long distances, and arrived fatigued and only partly effective. Fires still had from four to 36 hours' start.

In 1929, a bad fire season, one crew at the head of a fire was cut off from all ground aid. They held a key point, far up on the mountain. To stay there, they had to have more equipment; without it, they would lose the fire, and great tracts of valuable timber lay ahead. The fire boss, more interested in saving the forest than in his own personal safety, suggested dropping well padded supplies from an airplane. That was done. Many ax and shovel handles were splintered, pumps were smashed against boulders. But enough was salvaged. The fire was held.

Since then, air transport has grown rapidly. As aircraft was improved, so were techniques for dropping cargo. Pilots, the so-called bush variety, learned to maneuver planes into almost impossible spots, amid spikelike peaks, into narrow rock-walled canyons. They learned to buck the difficult air currents that prevail in such country during the fire season.

In the early years of cargo dropping, bundles were released at tree-top level, to fall free at the target site. Accuracy was essential because an overshoot of a few feet might carry the package far down into a canyon beyond the target.

Parachutes, first used for dropping supplies in 1936, eliminated the need for bulky packaging. The prin-

ciple of the static line, or mechanical tripping of the ripcord, was discovered by a forest pilot and fire fighter in 1937.

A specialized use of the freight chute, one that greatly simplifies fire fighting and lowers costs, is the delivery right on the fire line of prepared hot meals. The practice is favored when the fire is in country so far from trails that the use of pack mules would be costly; also, when K-rations are impracticable and the nature of the job does not warrant a field kitchen.

Then came an exciting experiment: parachuting men directly to the fire. The idea had come and gone many times, but before 1939 nobody had been willing to say a live man should be sent crashing down among snags, sheer precipices, ragged peaks, foaming streams, rough underbrush, and dense stands of trees. Airmen smiled and walked away when the subject was mentioned; they thought of the vicious currents and the rarefied air at high elevations.

A handful of Forest Service smokechasers did it in the summer of 1939. They had no precedent. Their equipment was crude according to present standards. They assembled protective clothing from whatever they could get, football padding, baseball masks, and such. They had only the standard emergency parachutes.

Their first jumps were aimed at soft, grassy meadows high on the

mountainside. Such sites are few in the wilderness forests; and the original idea of jumping was restricted to that limitation. During some trial jumps, a gust of wind carried a jumper away from the meadow and slammed him down into a thicket of tall trees, the accident that all had dreaded. The jumper, swinging lightly down from the springlike branches, reported the most gentle landing he had ever made. Thereafter, jumpers attempted purposely to land in green trees, which they call "feathers."

From the group that pioneered the first jumps, the crew of smokejumpers has grown to 225 men, many of them college students of forestry. Stationed in squads at strategic points through the Northwest, they perform a spectacular, dangerous task. I believe that they accomplish more actual fire protection for each dollar spent than any other unit of the fire-control activity in the northern Rockies.

The smokejumpers, after they have been thoroughly trained, travel 140 miles an hour in planes and reach a fire in the most inaccessible wilderness minutes after it is reported. They bail out 1,500 feet above ground in numbers consistent with the need of the job to be done and land within yards of the embryo fire. Tools, rations, radiophone, and other equipment follow by parachute. The jumpers are fresh and alert when they attack their fire. They have had a chance to observe

it from above and have knowledge of its probable course. They know that reinforcements are available within an hour or so.

The men risk their lives with each jump, but it is a calculated risk, taken in the interest of saving an essential resource. Some accidents have occurred. Some bones have been broken, and jumpers have returned over mountain trails on stretchers carried by their comrades, but in thousands of jumps no one has been permanently injured or killed. Jumps by squads of two to 100 men have been made in the most remote sections of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, and New Mexico.

During the war, the smokejumper organization helped the Air Force by training paradoctors and providing the specially designed jumping equipment essential to precision parachuting. This service helped save many lives when military craft had crashed in inaccessible locations. The cooperation with the Air Force is still active. Search and rescue specialists are being trained each year at the smokejumper base near Missoula, Mont. A civilian physician in Helena, Mont., similarly trained, jumps with his emergency kit to the scenes of accidents.

Statistics on 10,000 timber jumps offer some interesting data. Men older than 29 years cannot jump without high risk of injury. Nor can men weighing more than 180 pounds expect to hit the ground

without broken bones. The record indicates that fewest accidents occur after the jumper has made 13 descents.

Besides smokejumping, airmen help control forest fires in other ways. Think of a roadless expanse of deep, cliff-sided canyons and spectacular granite mountains up to two miles above sea level. On a few well-distributed flats along the bottom of major canyons are short landing strips, suitable for use by small, slow-flying aircraft. Larger strips are not possible because of topographic obstacles. The ranger station is located at one such strip. It serves as a control center for air operations, and has a battery of instruments to indicate current fire conditions, among them fuel moisture, humidity, and wind movement. If burning conditions are dangerous, an observer takes off.

He spots a wisp of smoke in a far corner of the forest. The pilot swings the plane over to investigate. The observer switches on his radio and notifies the ranger station that he sees a fire. The suppression forces get the alert signal; the jumpers are readied for the take-off; a transport plane is warmed up.

The observation plane slides in over the fire at treetop level. Its exact location was plotted on the map as the approach was made; now the job is to determine just what the fire is doing and what it may do.

Within three minutes the observer has sized up the situation. He radios

to headquarters. Calculations indicate need for five men within the hour. Otherwise, the fire will become a fast-running, consuming monster. It is 40 miles from the nearest road and 10 miles from the nearest trail. In 1920, or even in 1940, the situation would have meant a big, costly fire; now its handling is routine.

Within minutes, the jumper plane from headquarters points its nose in the direction plotted by the patrol observer. As it climbs, five young men quickly get into their padded, white, strongly-made jumping coveralls under the watchful eye of a jumpmaster or spotter. Dressing and donning their harness in the restricted space inside a plane, which is pitching like a Montana rodeo bronc, is no simple task; but when the jumpers have rigged themselves they are checked by the spotter. By that time the plane is near the fire.

One site appears most suitable, and the pilot crosses directly over it, 1,500 feet above the trees. The spotter drops a 36-inch drift chute. Its drift is recorded, and the spotter calculates the adjustments necessary in dropping his men.

The ship is maneuvered accordingly. When it is over the desired spot, the five men leap in quick succession. The chutes pop like large firecrackers as the static line jerks them open. They fall rapidly in a downdraft, then catch in dead air, and perhaps drift rapidly off to the side for a moment. By that time, the

jumper has checked his canopy and lines and is getting ready to land. He closes one seven-foot slot in the chute and turns to face the direction he wishes to travel. If the wind is drifting him past the target, he collapses the canopy and plummets closer to the ground. If he is offside, he tips the chute and planes in the other way. He selects a bushy clump of trees. The nylon shroud lines and canopy tangle with the topmost branches, and bring him to a gentle, bouncing stop. As he swings, 40 feet above the logs and boulders below, he pulls a light cotton rope from a pocket and attaches it to the chute rigging. He unsnaps his harness and descends on the rope. With a bright yellow ribbon of crepe paper he lays out a signal that indicates in code to the plane that all is well. The plane circles low and drops packages containing complete fire fighting equipment, radio, rations and drinking water. Some packages catch in tall trees, but are retrieved through the use of telephone-climber spurs dropped with the jumper.

Such action by smokejumpers has stopped, at small size and low cost, hundreds of fires, which, in the absence of aerial attack, would have raged over mountain and valley.

The location and behavior of fire must be known by the men who plan the attack. To meet this problem, aerial scouting has been developed to a high degree of dependability.

A scout plane is put into action

immediately after a fire "blows up." The plane circles the fire, and a photographer-scout takes pictures of all sides at an angle of about 45°. He photographs also the area ahead of the fire. Beside him is a box, a miniature laboratory. Its top is covered with black cloth in which are attached two sleeves, which are closed with elastic bands and through which the photographer-scout works with his hands inside the dark box. Within 15 minutes from the moment he made his last exposure, he has completed the developing and printing job. His pictures are ready to be dropped to the fire boss on the ground. The prints, still wet, are placed in a paper tube to which is attached an orange-colored guide ribbon 10 feet long. The tube is weighted with sand to make it fall vertically.

Another phase of air transportation is the movement of fire-control specialists quickly to the scene of action. Sometimes several thousand men and tons of equipment and supplies are needed to control a fire. Many machines, pack trains, and fleets of trucks are essential in mobilizing and operating these forces. A small army like that requires trained organizers, planners of strategy, and crew bosses experienced in handling large numbers of men under emergency conditions. Such specialists are few, and often must travel hundreds of miles to the fire; the airplane reduces their travel time to a few hours. Each summer, hun-

dreds of fire fighters are also flown from work projects and employment centers.

Experiments have demonstrated that forest fires, if attacked by water-bombing aircraft while still small, can be retarded, and, under certain conditions, extinguished. If facilities for bombing are available, many potentially dangerous fires can be stopped or held down by bombing until jumpers or ground forces can reach them.

Plain water appears satisfactory in bombing fires. Other wetting agents, foam and chemicals have advantages under some circumstances and will certainly be used if fire bombing becomes a common practice.

Large-scale bombing of forest fires is not economically practicable now, if the entire operation must be paid out of funds available for forest protection: bombers are costly and their operation is expensive. I suggest, however, that the peacetime functions of the U.S. Air Force might logically include cooperative use of fire bombing facilities.

So far, the benefits from airplane transportation have resulted from the speed with which aircraft can deliver fire-fighting facilities to the point of need. That same speed in conventional, fixed-wing airplanes restricts their use and, in some phases of the work, reduces their value. Large sites are scarce in much of our western forest area, and few landing strips are available for re-

ceiving fire crews and picking up jumpers for the return to base. Speed also lowers a plane's value for patrol duty. The same is true in dropping supplies and jumpers. Two heart beats' delay can, while flying 120 miles an hour, cause loss of the vital cargo. Jumpers, too, must compensate for forward plane speed, and they take a terrific shock as their chutes open at 120 miles an hour.

The helicopter, however, has promise. It has already been used in fire fighting. It needs only an opening in the timber for a landing site. Its use is not restricted to costly and widely separated landing fields. It can fly slowly to permit thorough scrutiny of any suspicious spot. It can almost stand still in mid-air while the patrolman plots a fire.

During the summer of 1947, a helicopter quickly moved a large crew of fire fighters from the road end in the valley bottom to the point of critical need on a fire high up on an inaccessible mountain.

Helicopters now do not carry enough pay load to make them a major factor in delivering supplies or men, but that lack might soon be overcome. If the hovering type of aircraft is made capable of carrying

a ton or more, it will be the final answer to the dreams of the fire fighters. It will follow lightning storms across the forests, hovering at the treetops to examine each strike. The patrolman can be lowered to the ground by rope ladder. He will climb back into the helicopter and go on to the next danger spot. When a small blazing fire is discovered, the helicopter will hover directly above it, just out of reach of the heat, and water or chemical will be poured or squirted directly on the fire. Smokejumpers will be replaced with "heli-firemen." Thus the most dangerous and spectacular action in fire-control work will be discontinued in favor of an easier, safer, yet just as effective method of getting to the point of attack. Then, when the last spark is killed, the "heli-fireman" will not face that long, hard hike, 20 or 30 miles, under a heavy pack, to the old landing field. He will merely radio for the helicopter and climb up the rope ladder to a comfortable ride back.

He will be available for another fire hours, perhaps days, earlier than under the 1949 system of "jump to the fire and crawl back when you get her licked."

God Proposes; Man Disposes

AN American who recently visited the ancestral manor of a British duke heard him complain bitterly about the Labor Government programs which left him with a meager income. "Nevertheless," the guest consoled him, "you have this vast estate, your fine food—God is good to you."

"God would like to be good to me," replied the duke, "but the Labor Government won't let Him."

Leonard Lyons (McNaught Syndicate).

*They pray and work and learn about America
and may some day forget the past*

Monks from Russia

By MAURICE F. MEYERS, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

IN HERKIMER county, New York, I saw a remnant of the Holy Russia of the days of patriarchs and czars and hermits in huts. There I sank back for a day into the atmosphere of prayer and work that has its roots in the Eastern deserts. Here, in Holy Trinity (Russian Orthodox) monastery, some 50 men are dedicating their lives to prayer and humble work. Two decades ago two monks with their meager savings bought a few acres and a couple of tumbledown barns. Through hard work and sacrifice the little foundation survived, until, after the war, it received strong reinforcements from the DP camps overseas, monks fleeing from the Red terror.

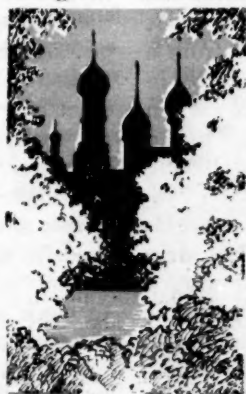
In 1946 the monks began to build a beautiful new church. Its glittering turrets were my first sign that I was getting near the monastery. I did not know how I, a Catholic priest, would be received at an Orthodox monastery, but the warm

greeting of Bishop Seraphim put me at ease. Before long I was drawing up my chair at the monastic table to share the simple, solid meal of the monks. Grace had been sung, and the Russian Archbishop Vitaly of New York, who loves to spend what time he can spare at the monastery, had given the blessing.

There was nothing fancy about the meal. We had only soup bowls and spoons to eat with. The big pots of cabbage soup, potatoes, buckwheat porridge, and heavy, sour, black bread were in the center of the table. Each man rose and filled his own dish. The monks never eat

meat. They may eat milk and eggs except in a time of fast — some three or four months of the year. As we ate, the life of the saint of the day was read. The archbishop corrected the pronunciation where necessary.

Two nights a week the monks study the language of their new country. Archbishop Vitaly with his four-score years



takes his place in the primer class. Genial Bishop Seraphim and the prior are in the higher class. The monks use the text published by the U. S. government for candidates for citizenship. In it, while I was there, the monks read of the benefits of democracy, and heard them contrasted with what dictatorship has offered.

Stalin was on many tongues as a discussion was opened after class, and in halting English the woes of the bleeding world were rehearsed. Here was a new chorus in praise of democracy, with new fire glinting in old eyes, framed by full beards and flowing locks. As they offer themselves to America, the monks offer, too, a sterling example of faith in God and in the deeper things of life.

Later, the monks sang an evening prayer, gathered before the ikons, and, as they went to their well-deserved rest, I was taken to the guest house a mile or so down the road. A Russian Orthodox priest and his wife, lately arrived from a DP camp in Germany, were in charge. Warm welcomes began again, and I could not get off to bed without sitting down and having tea with them.

In the monastery the day begins at half past four. The monks were already standing at Matins when I came back in the morning, and the Office went on till after six. Then nearly all filed out and started the toil of the day. It will strike a Catholic as strange that the monks did

not wait to hear Mass. Only one priest celebrated Mass, with a few of the older monks singing the responses. The monks together attend Mass only on Sundays and feast days. Holy Communion, too, is not very frequent, six or eight times a year being average. I stayed on to witness their ancient liturgy of St. John Chrysostom.

After Mass was over, about eight o'clock, the monks began to come in from work for the morning meal: eggs, potatoes, boiled tomatoes, and black bread. While all sat at table, the archbishop as guide gave them the order of the day, and recalled for them some of the fundamental principles of monastic life. All were up and about their work with hardly a break; some to the cornfield, others to the silo, still others to work on the interior of the church, a few to the printing shop to set type, correct copy, or run the machines. I found myself with the rugged, hearty Father Panteleimon, the prior, all rigged out in overalls, his long hair tucked into his skull cap. As we went over the place, he told me of the slow, hard beginnings of the monastery, of its gradual growth. We looked into various shops and barns; next we bumped off over the fields in a truck. Then Father Panteleimon excused himself and set off to work at dredging out a lake in the woods. My next guide, the theologian, Father Zaitseff, I had known in China before advancing communists had swept both of us to exile.

Noon came and dinner, and the monks drifted in to eat and hear holy words read during the meal. Then, without siesta or recreation, they were back on their jobs. So goes one day after the other—work and prayer, prayer and work, with only Sundays varying their hard program of work and prayer and a little relaxation.

Too soon I had to pull myself back into the 20th century of trains and timetables. The monks of old Holy Russia realize that even in the

20th century only eternity really matters. They are not too much concerned about the disputes of earlier centuries that separated East and West. They are intent on glorifying God and honoring the holy Virgin and the saints.

It would be better for both Catholics and the monks to know more about each other. Both are interested in the greater glory of God. Our common language of prayer should help us speak the words that will make all one.



The Open Door

WHEN the town's old high school burned down one summer, Jane began to attend the Catholic academy in a near-by town. She was impressed with the Church, and in due time asked for Baptism. Next year, her sister Joan followed her to the new school with the firm attitude that "they won't rope me in." She was a good student but showed no interest in religion.

During the summer months after she had graduated, Jane formed a catechism class to assist the missionary priest who came to her home

town twice a month. In fall, she went away to nurses' training school; and Joan returned to the Academy alone. When Sister asked her what had happened to Jane's class, Joan said, "I had to take it. There was no one else." Teaching catechism convinced her. Before the year was out she asked for Baptism. Soon afterwards her entire family joined her.

S. M. L.

WE LIVED in a "Cat-licker vs. Pup-licker" neighborhood. I belonged to the team who yelled at the Catholic

kids as they went by to school. One day I found a bright chain of beads, just long enough to go around my wrist. I wore it. A "Cat-licker" girl, a friend of mine, took me to her mother, who explained that the beads were not to be worn, but to be prayed upon. She taught me the Hail Mary. I remembered only the second half, but I prayed it often, fingering the beads and saying, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

My public-school teacher took me to Benediction with her during May, and I heard this prayer over and over in the Rosary. I got permission from my father to become a Catholic. Holy Mary, Mother of God, had prayed for me. It was a lovely thing to abandon the "Pup-" team and go over to the "Cat-lickers."

S. M. C. S.

MY AUNT, Sister Rosalita, who died quite a few years ago as Superior of Seton Academy, was beautiful and talented as a young girl and naturally had many admirers. The most persistent, a Protestant, she could not discourage. When he proposed, she informed him she was going to enter the convent. When he heard this he said, "If you become a nun I shall become a priest." Many years

later in her convent she was told there was a Father Livingstone in the parlor to see her. To her amazement, he was none other than her would-be husband. He explained that when he heard her news he decided that whatever would entice her from the pleasures of the world must be worth-while embracing.

Rosalita Johnson.

ON THE feast day of the Holy Rosary, our high-school senior class acted out the Living Rosary on the campus. Right in the middle of our prayers, a salesman walked into the school yard. He didn't seem to know what was going on, until an unseen choir chanting the Magnificat halted him in his tracks. Then he turned, fascinated by something that was happening outside our grounds. Staring in from the iron fence that surrounds our school stood a little old lady, bent and poorly dressed. Clutched in her wrinkled hand was a rosary, and with her lips she was following our prayers. The salesman stood as if in a trance and waited until the end.

This year, on the feast of the Holy Rosary, he returned again. This time he wasn't selling anything. He came to tell the Sisters that his previous year's experience had made him a Catholic.

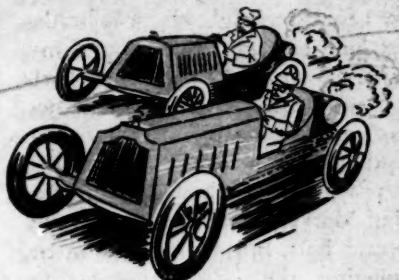
M. T.

The contrast in the lives of the two great automobile manufacturers was as striking as the likeness of what they made

Two Makers of Racing Cars

By DESMOND O'CONNOR, S.J.

Condensed from the *Madonna**



THE names of Frederick Henry Royce, of Rolls-Royce, and the Frenchman, Louis Delage, symbolized power and speed to those who followed automobile racing a generation ago.

Royce lived his life for his car. He was a North-country Englishman, and his childhood was hard. By 21 he had set himself up as an electrical engineer in a back room at Manchester. Eventually he had acquired a reputation for precision-built electrical cranes and dynamos. But then he bought an old secondhand Deauville car. Each week end he drove it into the country. Then on Monday he would pull it to pieces and carry out improvements. That his electrical business was failing did not worry him. The car had already become his god. He neglected his food, stayed up all night, drove his assistants like slaves. He resented it when a workman wanted to stop work for a week end or even for a meal. He flew into a rage at the least sign of carelessness in workmanship. He worked his apprentices 100 hours

a week and paid them five shillings for it, always with the grim remark, "You haven't really earned it." Yet he must have had an extraordinary personality, for he received wonderful loyalty. He never asked of others more than he would do himself.

Royce had had no education. He could use neither a slide rule nor the intricate formulas of the engineer. But he had an innate sense of balance and form. He knew answers by instinct and would sometimes confound his best engineers by telling them they must be wrong in a decimal point somewhere. And he would be right. He could file a brass hubcap into a perfect hexagon so that it would fit perfectly in every direction. He could do it by sight with no instrument but a file. His first Rolls-Royce he made entirely with his own hands.

It was 1904, when a car could be heard in the next city, and noise meant power. Royce aimed for silence. He thought he could achieve it by superb precision building. And so he slaved over his bench.

*Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 1, 1949.

He was a recluse and never tried to market his car. That was done by the gay and lively young sportsman and racing motorist, Charles Rolls. They both gave what they had to the car. Six years after the first Rolls-Royce drove out from the factory, Rolls was killed and Royce collapsed over his bench. The doctors gave him three months to live. But his colleagues saved his life. They cared for him as for one whom they loved beyond themselves.

Royce lived on for 23 years, still ruthless, still exact, still perfecting his beloved machine. Yet he was never again within 100 miles of his own factory. He retired to a villa in France, where, surrounded by engineers and draughtsmen, he directed everything, building the name of Rolls-Royce.

Strangely enough, the Rolls-Royce car represents only 10% of the work of his factories. Airplane engines are the principal concern, but the name was made and rests on that car to which Royce gave his life. "Test to destruction," he would write from his bed in France or Kent or Sussex. He had no time for God or for religion. His god ran on four wheels. He hired Eric Gill to carve over his mantelpiece: "Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble."

He detested recreations like golf and tennis. He would garden, cook, paint and play the flute; this last to study the sound waves. His garden was treated as ruthlessly as his factory. His trees were drilled like

soldiers. If a tree grew obstinately askew it was destroyed. He could not stand anything short of perfection.

The man certainly had all the talents for sainthood; and he did receive the only kind of canonization which he would recognize. In fact, for those he drew about him he was almost a god. They revered his every instruction. When he died they erected statues to his honor. All his memoranda, instructions, and comments were secretly collected and bound into a book which was limited to 12 sacred copies and entitled the *Rolls-Royce Bible*. And the car which was his life went into perpetual mourning. The monogram on the radiator which formerly had been red, was changed to black. And so it remains today.

Such might have been the life of Louis Delage had he not met a certain priest, Pere Brottier.

Delage's life ran parallel with that of Frederick Henry Royce until this fateful meeting. Like Royce, Louis Delage was an obscure engineer when the first motor cars were making their noisy debut, and he too had the dream of improving this new and wonderful machine. Engineer Delage was also a businessman. He slaved away at a motor-car engine until he perfected a design far ahead of anything produced before. Like his English counterpart, he forged ahead from success to success until Delage cars were racing over the earth.

Many times the two cars raced together, and when Royce had retired to his villa in France, Louis Delage was the millionaire of Auteuil. He had been brought up a modern pagan, and at this stage had no more religion than Royce. But in the Paris suburb where Delage ruled, there was a saintly priest, an apostle of the poor, whose cause for beatification is now in progress. This was Pere Brottier. Somehow this holy man caught up that enormous stream of energy and purpose, which up till now had served to make Delage a millionaire, and redirected it.

Louis Delage was in his 60's when a tremendous transformation was made. He saw the vast business that he had built up crushed amid the disasters in which France was plunged. He had in him all that was necessary to start building again, but his goal had now been changed. He slipped quietly into humble retirement and devoted the remaining 13 years of his life to prayer and penance and pilgrimage. Without affectation, without trying to hide his identity or to achieve any notoriety, he set off to walk as a pilgrim over the roads of France, visiting the shrines of the blessed Virgin.

Few would recognize the multimillionaire in this poorly clad pilgrim. He was 67 when he started to walk from Paris to the thousand-year-old shrine of Our Lady at Chartres. It was pouring rain. A motorist stopped to offer him a lift. He declined. A few miles further on,

the driver of a hearse offered him a place, but he refused even this offer. "You old fool," said the driver.

Lourdes was his favorite shrine. Many times he visited it, and at the age of 70, more from impatience than otherwise, he took to riding a bicycle; but he soon abandoned this, and returned to the true pilgrim walk. Once, wet and bespattered with mud, he begged for admission at a small country inn. The innkeeper looked at him and closed the door. "Ah," murmured the pilgrim, "how different if I had come in a Delage!"

His pilgrimages were interrupted by the war. He resumed them when it was finished, and in his 73rd year he walked nearly 700 miles. Sometimes friends recognized him and treated him as an honored guest in their homes, but he would always slip quietly away, promising to pray for them, and set off down the road again, his lunch in his pocket, to visit his next shrine.

He left a notebook which showed that his careful, methodical manner was not changed by his new life, but had only been directed to a different purpose. It was not a spiritual notebook, but gave the most interesting and matter-of-fact account of his journeys. If he were criticized—and he was—he would say, "For 60 years I walked without God. Now I am walking with Him."

And so it was that he spent the last years of his life, which closed only a few months ago.

*Some climb mountains as young men,
and descend 100 years later*

Glaciers Give Up the Dead

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH

Condensed from the *Cross**

REPORTS from Zermatt, Switzerland, suggest that the body of Lord Francis Douglas, killed on the Matterhorn in 1865, should be recovered this winter. Lord Douglas will have had a long journey. As a member of Edward Whymper's ill-fated climb, he fell 4,000 feet to his death. That his body will be carried to the edge of the ice in 1950 is the estimate of glaciologists who have studied the movements of the glacier.

Professor Hugi was the first glaciologist. In 1827 he erected a hut on Unteraar glacier. He wanted to record how fast and far the hut would move. It averaged 110 feet the first three years; thereafter the speed increased. By 1836, the hut had traveled 2,345 feet; and in 1841, the Swiss scientist, M. Agassiz, found it 4,712 feet from its original position.

The same year, M. Agas-



siz and Professor Forbes of St. Andrews made the first scientific ice observations. Forbes's pronouncements were confirmed in the case of the Hamel tragedy.

On Aug. 20, 1820, Dr. Hamel, scientist and Russian councilor of state, two University of Oxford men, Henderson and Dornford, together with eight guides, climbed Mont Blanc. An avalanche swept three leading guides, Pierre Balmat, Carrier, and Auguste Tairaz, into a crevasse. The avalanche poured after them, making rescue hopeless. Mark the date: August 20, 1820—21 years before Forbes became glacier-minded.

In 1858, Professor Forbes said that in 1860 the three bodies would be cast up on the left bank of the Bossons glacier, about 9,000 feet from the scene of the tragedy. He based his calculation on the rate of flow, and the stresses and strains set

up in the ice by the undulations of its polished bed and sides. He proved to be surprisingly accurate. On August 15, 1861, a Chamonix guide, Ambroise Simond, saw the three heads. They were on a ledge deep in the ice in the Bossons glacier. During the following years to 1865, further portions of their bodies, together with their equipment, were delivered by the ice.

A parallel case was that of Captain Henry Arkwright. Arkwright's body was swept into a crevasse by an avalanche and his journey down the ice commenced. Thirty-one years later, on Aug. 22, 1897, his sister, awaiting her brother's body at the Grands Mulets hut, claimed it from the left bank of the Bossons glacier, 9,250 feet from the scene of the accident.

I was in Grindelwald when a Mrs. Webster returned to the Oberland, after an absence of 21 years, to claim the body of her husband. The collapse of a snow bridge pitched Webster into a crevasse during the first week of his honeymoon. Attempts to retrieve his body failed. But 21 years later the ice delivered his remains for Christian burial.

The colossal strains and stresses in the ice set up by its movement downstream frequently render the bodies unrecognizable except by items of equipment and personal effects.

Such was the case with a young London solicitor, Mr. Sydney King, who vanished on an expedition up Mount Cook, New Zealand, on

Feb. 15, 1914. In January, 1939, his body, perfectly preserved but compressed to about three inches in thickness, was retrieved from the Hochstetter glacier.

I saw two Austrians, on the other hand, who were barely touched by the ice. Presumably they lay in a glacial "backwash." When recovered in 1935, after being 16 years embedded in the ice, they each held a partly played hand of cards. It was proved that neither was injured by his fall into the crevasse, and that after futile efforts to extricate themselves, they consumed the remainder of their food, wrote a few last notes home, and settled down to a final game of cards.

A young Italian soldier met his end just as bravely. Recovered from a Zermatt glacier in 1944 after an 11-year journey, the fully loaded revolver he gripped proved that he could have shortened the age-long seconds but preferred to face the inevitable end honorably.

A feature of glacier-borne bodies is that they are delivered in a perfect state of preservation. In 1943 there was ejected by a Zermatt glacier the perfectly preserved remains of a man whose habit suggested he lived more than a century ago. He went to an unnamed grave.

An interesting instance of glacier movement was provided by the disappearance of Pastor Schneider, a Lausanne authority on Greek. In August, 1917, he ventured among the Diablerets fringing the Rhone

Valley, and vanished. Twenty-one years later a herdsman from Sion came upon the remains of a man embedded in the ice; a Greek dictionary proved his identity, and with some measure of accuracy his journey down the Zanfleuron glacier was plotted.

No hard-and-fast rule for glacier movement can be advanced. A general rule is that the center moves faster than the sides, and sometimes on one side faster than the other. Experiments carried out since 1917 on the Bossons glacier, pouring down the Savoy side of Mont Blanc, also prove that it moves faster in spring. Figures published by the French Department of Lakes and Forests show that the average movement is 33.3 feet in spring, compared with 17.2 feet in summer, 16.8 feet in winter, and only 5.6 feet in autumn. Other glacier movements are

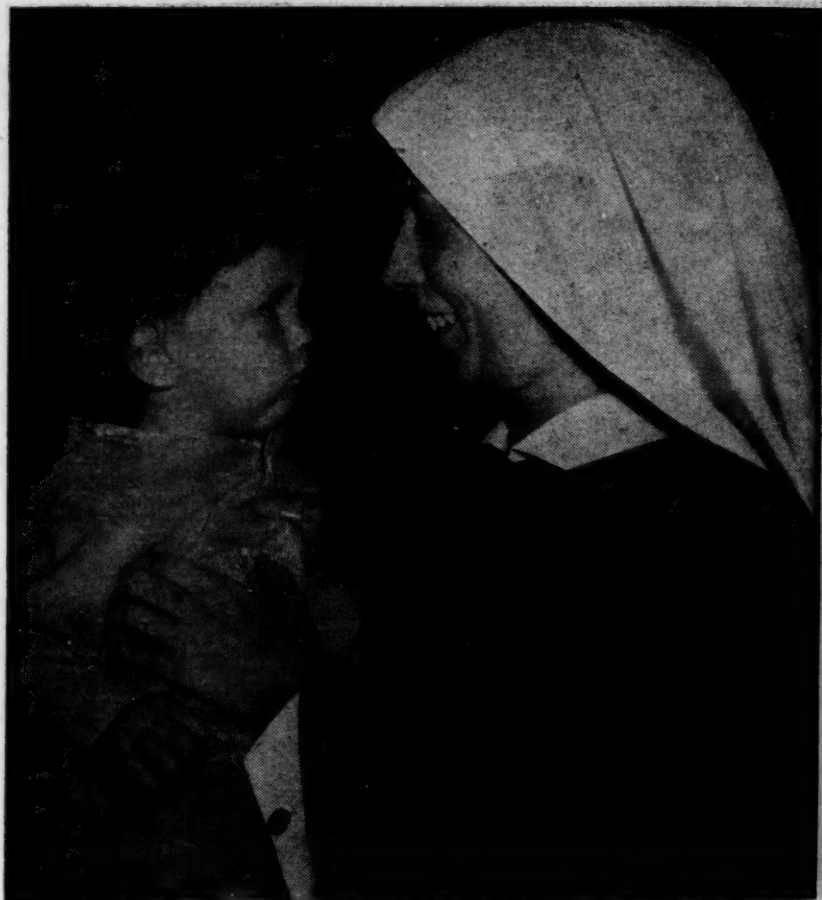
governed by many "currents," cross streams, and ice falls. Many a luckless fellow has crossed and recrossed a glacier before final delivery.

Still encased in glacial ice are the remains of chamois hunters, crystal seekers (the first 'mountaineers'), climbers, and soldiers. Many uniformed bodies were delivered after the 1st World War. Since 1914 the perfectly preserved bodies of Alpine troops, France's famous "Blue Devils," Italy's Alpini, Swiss and Austrian soldiers, have been carried towards the gleaming blue and white snouts of the glaciers which they guarded and across which they fought. Dozens have been delivered by the ice for Christian burial. But many more have yet to be disgorged. Added to their number will be those who died in the Alps, the Caucasus, and Norway's mountains in "Hitler's war."

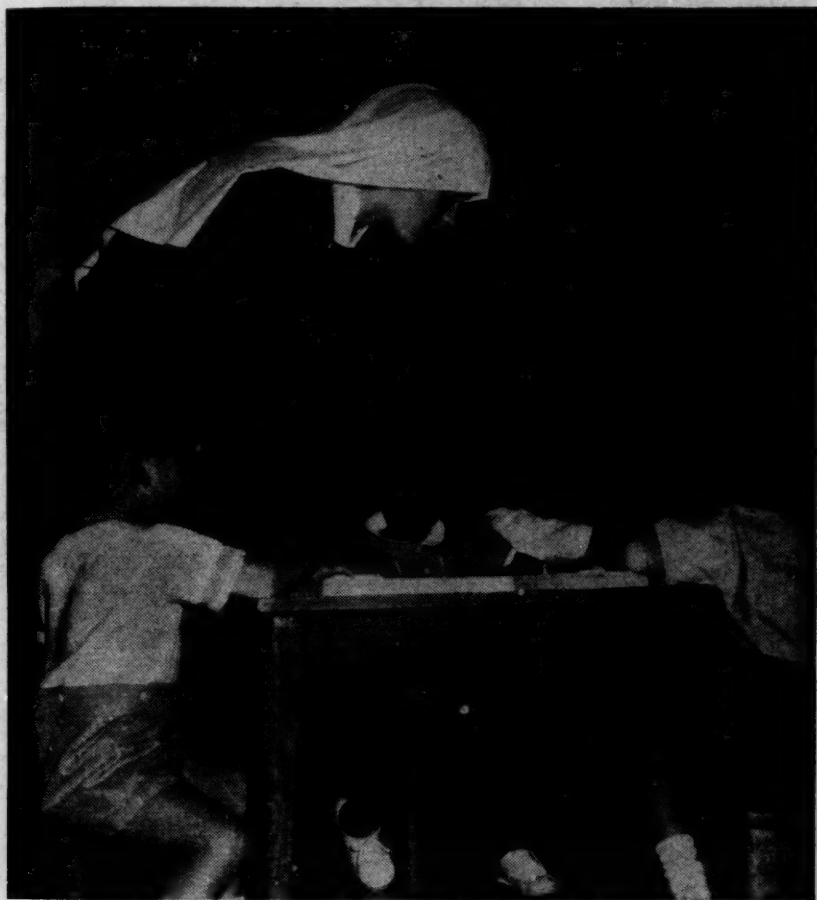
Why They Become Sisters

It's a happy, exciting day for these girls. This is the first day of the new life they hope to lead. That life doesn't include pretty clothes nor dates. But they want to exchange such things for something better—a chance to live very close to God, and to do His work at all times. That's why they have come to enter the Dominican convent of St. Agnes at Sparkill, N. Y.

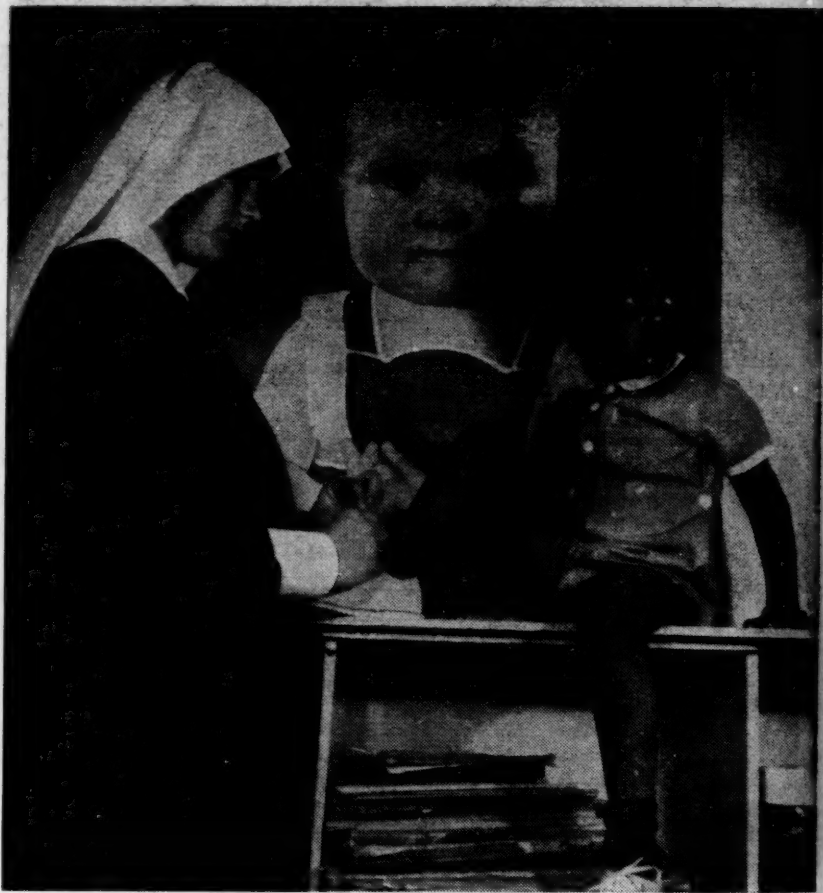




Baby brother isn't quite sure that this is really his big sister. She's now wearing the postulant's apparel, a black dress and white veil. In a little while she will say good-bye to her family, with an extra hug for baby brother, and take up her duties as a postulant. For the next six months she will be forming herself spiritually with silence, meditation, and the sacraments, and adapting herself to convent routine. At the end of that time she hopes to be taken into the Community of Sisters.



A postulant has little time to be homesick. Her day begins with Mass early in the morning, before most of the world has opened its eyes, and ends when she retires around 10 P.M. The intervening routine of prayer, study, work, and recreation is balanced and healthful. Here, two young postulants help train the youngsters in the preschool run by the convent of St. Agnes. Such tasks alternate with cleaning, cooking, gardening, and other chores. Time goes fast when days are so full.



Shoes will come untied, but if a fellow can sit still for a moment, they'll be tied again in no time. While a girl is a postulant and a novice, she may leave the convent at any time, if she decides that she does not have a vocation to the Religious life. Her acceptance, if she wishes to stay, is determined either by a board appointed for the purpose, or by a vote of the entire Community, depending on the custom of the Order. Older nuns can judge pretty accurately whether or not a girl is suited for convent life.



One of the high points in a postulant's month—visiting Sunday. It is not easy to leave your home and family, even if you are doing it to be closer to God. And sometimes your family can't seem to understand what you are trying to do. Some convents publish a magazine written and edited by postulants and novices. The magazine often helps families to a better understanding of the Religious vocation. Frequently Mom and Dad discover that their daughter in the convent stays closer to them than their other children.



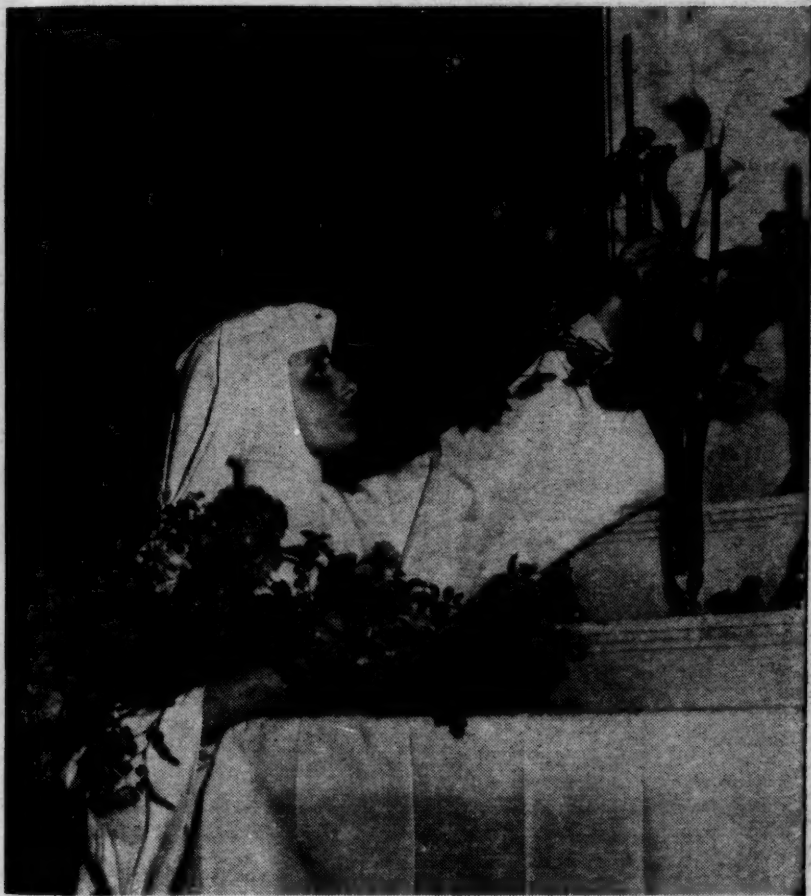
For six months they have been looking forward to this day. Now, dressed as brides to symbolize their espousal to Christ, they go in procession to the convent chapel, where they will receive the novice's white habit. Mixed emotions seize them—doubt and a sense of unreality mingle with love and joy. But time and a deepened spirituality will dispel doubts and heighten joy. Their life will be the ideal Christian life, taking account of the whole person, body and soul, weaving prayer and work into a meaningful, joyous pattern.



After solemn Mass has been celebrated, the postulants ask to be given the habit of the Sisters of St. Dominic. The bishop blesses the various parts of the habit, and gives them to each postulant in turn. A Sister regards her habit as a sacred thing. It is the outward sign of her dedication to God. To wear civilian clothes, as some nuns in North Dakota must do, because a state law forbids their teaching in Religious garb, is a real sacrifice. Only a Sister would know how painful such a sacrifice can be.



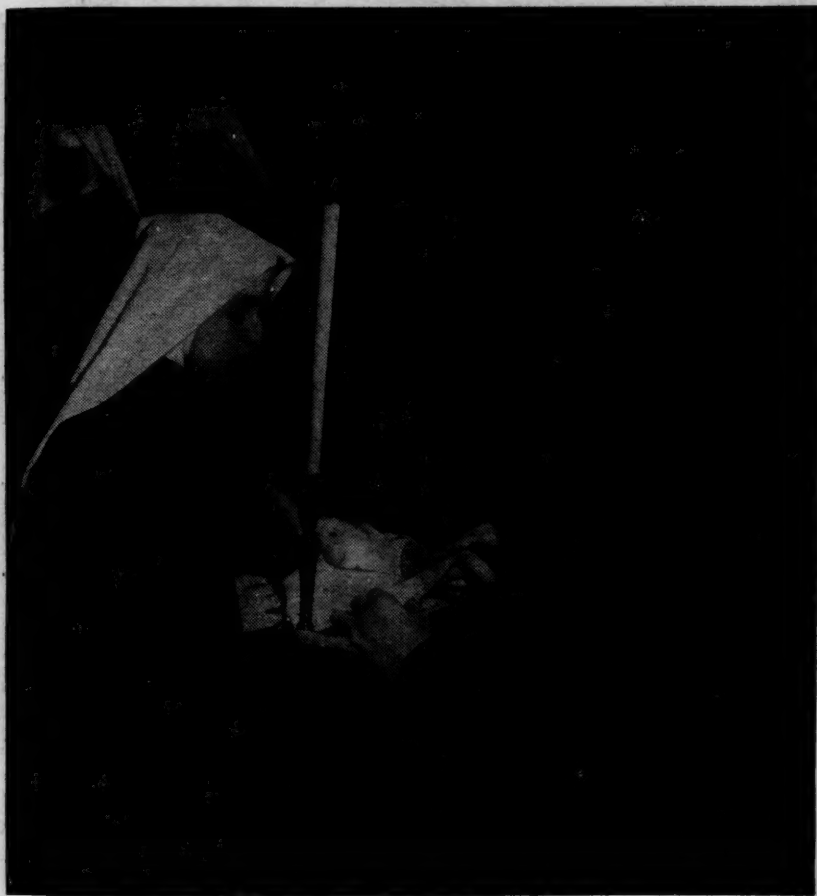
The new novice puts on her habit, with the help of the mistress of novices. Her hair has been cut short, so that the coif will fit her head easily. The habit is just like that of a professed Sister except that the veil is white instead of black. In many Orders, girls make their own habits during their postulant days. Even if they weren't able to sew a stitch when they arrived, sewing two habits makes them proficient seamstresses. A Sister usually has two habits at a time, one for everyday wear, and one for Sunday best.



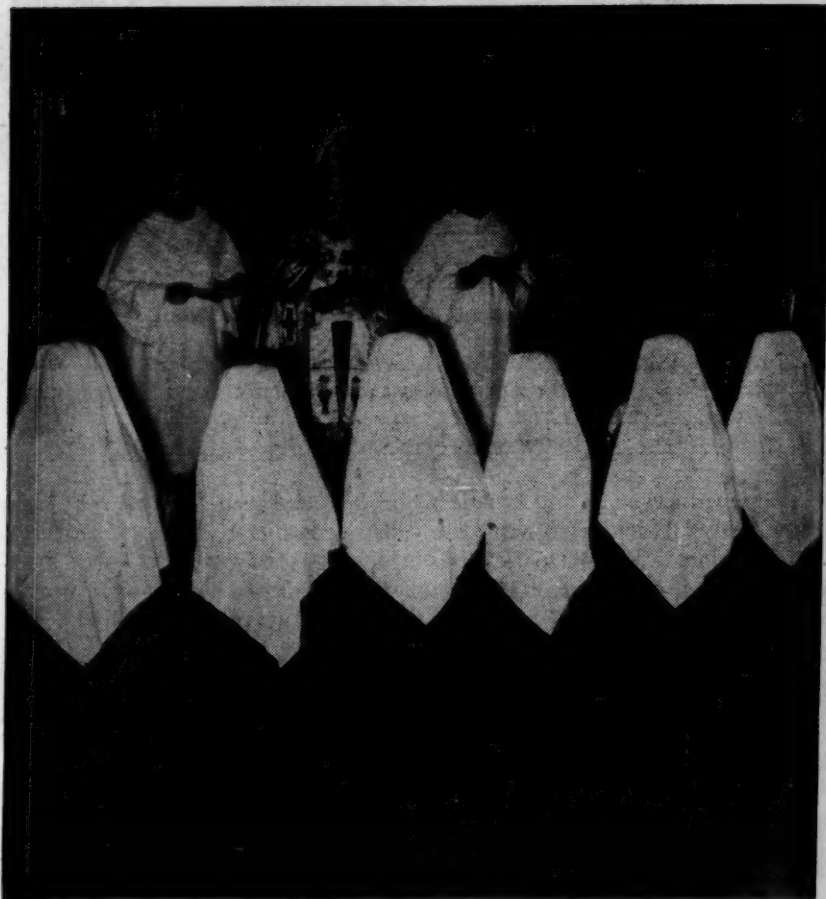
A novice's daily life is much the same as a postulant's. But now there is even more emphasis on spiritual formation. She is silent for as much of the day as is possible, so that she can prepare herself for contemplation. Her classes consist almost exclusively of sacred studies—theology, Church music, Scripture, and a thorough study of the rule of the Order. Canon law decrees that the novitiate last at least one year. That is how long the novitiate at St. Agnes lasts, but in some Orders the time may be longer.



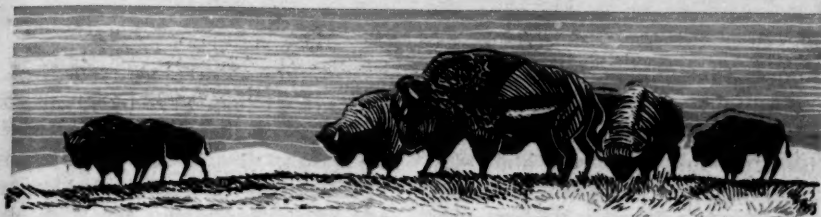
Her voluminous habit doesn't seem to hamper Sister's fore-hand drive a bit. Recreation at regular intervals is still the order of the day in a novice's life. For one thing, she must learn to get along well with the other members of the Community. The spirit of charity, stemming from the love of God, is fostered by group work and group recreation. Besides, novices fairly bubble over with excess energy. It finds a healthy outlet in sports and in such activities as producing entertainment for the older nuns on special feast days.



The most solemn event in a Sister's life—her profession. The profession candle is lighted; each novice reads aloud, so that all can hear, the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Then she signs the scroll on which the vows are written, and two professed Sisters and the bishop sign their names as witnesses. These first vows bind her only for a time. She will renew them several times in the next few years. Then she will make final or solemn vows, which will bind her for the rest of her life.



Now the long-hoped-for dream has come true—they are professed nuns. Their vow of poverty means that the things they use and wear and eat each day will not belong to them. By their vow of chastity, they may never marry, never rear a family. Finally, they are bound to perfect obedience to their superiors. No major decisions in their lives will any longer be left to them. It is a strange paradox from a worldly point of view, but they will be happier than most of us ever dream of being.



*The nickel is not quite the only place
to see an American bison*

Where the Buffalo Roam

By FLORENCE PAGE JAKUES

Condensed chapter of a book*

MY HUSBAND Lee and I made a special detour to visit Elk Island National park. It is in Alberta, Canada, 25 miles east of Edmonton. We drove through a drenching rain to stay all night at Lamont, a small town north of the preserve.

The park was established in 1906 as a preserve for elk, when the last wild herd of the region was in danger of extinction, but we went there to see its unique herd of American buffalo.

We drove from the south entrance to the north one, through woods, by lakes and ponds, passing the meadows of wild hay on which the buffalo feed. But not until we got nearly to the north gate did we see buffalo. There we caught sight of several bulls wandering about in a clearing.

They were different from the zoo

bison I had seen. Those in the zoos had been dusty, unkempt creatures, looking too weary to carry their great heads. But these were sturdy, vital creatures, compact with energy. Their coats were unusually dark and thick, their manes were great curling masses. They were magnificent.

As we watched them, one huge old fellow perched above our road on a cut bank suddenly plunged down, galloped in front of us, and shot up the opposite bank.

A younger bull appeared, and his uptilted horns gave him a water-buffalo look. He still had patches of shedding hair, though it was late for that. The buffalo sheds in the spring and for a time becomes almost naked except on head, hump, and forelegs.

Bison are our largest game animals. A bull may stand six feet at the shoulder and weigh up to 2,000

*Canadian Spring. Copyright, 1947, by Francis Lee Jaques and Florence Page Jaques. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York and London. 216 pp. \$3.50.

pounds. In the old days on the plains the buffalo grass was the buffalo's principal food. It grew short in curly tufts. It would stand heat and cold, trampling, and drought. Before the settlers came, the prairie was covered with it and looked like a clipped lawn. Now the buffalo grass, crowded out by bluejoint, is found only in small patches.

The American bison dates back to the Middle Pleistocene period, 400,000 years ago. He wandered over from Asia, across a bridge of land or ice. At that time there were several species, one of which, the long-horned, had horns with a spread of six feet.

Cortez saw a captive bison in Montezuma's zoo in 1521. Three kinds, the plains, mountain, and woods buffalo, are mentioned by early explorers, but all three seem to be much the same. The woods was the largest and finest; the mountain, which often climbed to timberline, had thick strong legs and a lighter, shorter body.

The water buffalo is the only true buffalo. The French called the American animals *les boeufs*, which the English pronounced *buffle* and later *buffalo*. They formerly ranged as far east as western New York and Pennsylvania, and south to the border of Georgia. But the vast multitudes were west of the Mississippi and extended down into Mexico and up to Great Slave lake. Conservative estimates place the number when the white men began to move west

at 60 million. There are records of hordes that extended 25 by 50 miles. One hunter killed as many as 3,000 in a season.

Because of the buffalo habit of moving en masse, herds of them would mire in mud and be unable to escape. Some winters they plunged into deep snow, and starved. The Indians, too, drove them in panic-stricken flight over the cliffs, killing hundreds.

The buffalo took such catastrophes in his stride. But the white man easily exterminated him. From the advent of the first explorers, bison were killed in incredible numbers.

The Plains Indians lived on the buffalo. He was food for them, shelter and clothing. They used his hide for robes, bedding, moccasins, leggings, shirts, lodge covering, and round bull boats. The tough skin on the neck was made into war shields and the ribs were used as runners for dog sleds. Hoofs made glue, the stomach lining made water buckets, the horns were carved into spoons and sometimes bows.

After the Civil War, the railroads began to push across the western plains. The buffalo herds interfered with train schedules. To get rid of the buffalo, professional hunters were brought in. The Indians protested, but the government made no attempt to stop the slaughter of the animals on which the existence of the tribes depended. In fact, the secretary of the interior stated that he would rejoice when the last buffalo

was gone. The representative from Illinois introduced a bill for the protection of the buffalo, saying that he was not in favor of civilizing the Indian by starving him to death. But the bill was pigeonholed, and the bloody destruction went on. Usually the dead animals lay and rotted, with no attempt at salvaging meat or hide. Sometimes the tongues were saved; they sold at 25¢ apiece.

Trains beginning a run sometimes had to wait hours if a herd decided to cross the tracks. Engineers tried charging the herd, but only derailed their engines. Passengers would shoot from the windows of the coaches for sport. A Santa Fe conductor said that in the early 70's one could have walked 100 miles along the right of way without once stepping off the carcasses of slaughtered bison.

The southern herds were annihilated first. In 1880, the ruin of the northern animals began. Then the Northern Pacific extended its line west from Bismarck, in spite of the solemn treaty the U. S. government had made with the Indians. When the Indians were ordered to a reservation in South Dakota where there was little game, they attacked Custer's command.

The last year for the buffalo was 1883. Then a herd of nearly 80,000 crossed the Yellowstone to go north over the Canadian border. Almost all were killed by hide hunters before they reached the boundary.

That left one large herd remain-

ing on the continent. This herd was in Montana, where two ranchers had brought about 40 buffalo from Kansas and Manitoba. The 40 increased to 300, and as some of them were sold they became the beginnings of small herds about the U. S. In 1906, 700 were purchased by Canada; 48 of those were the nucleus of the 1,000 now in Elk Island National park. The park now boasts the finest herd of bison in Canada. It has steadily increased, being free from the diseases which attack the animals in other regions.

When we again focused our attention on Elk park we noticed that night was on us. We searched but found no place to stay except a tent, on the edge of a ravine in deep woods. We gladly accepted that; it had a floor, which we appreciated especially since it was raining in torrents.

After dinner it cleared for a time, and we drove to the entrance gate and back again. Buffalo wandered through the meadows of grass, muskeg, and underbrush. We saw one old bull couched like a sultan in a poplar thicket that glittered with goldfinches and bluebirds. He even had a brilliant oriole instead of a nightingale to sing to him.

At one small lake with black terns flying over yellow water lilies, two moose came down the hillside as we passed. On another hill we saw a line of bison against the sky. Their heads swung low, their knickers bulged above their tiny feet, their

big beards waggled wildly as they paced across the hill.

They have various gaits: the pace, a trot, and a gallop. When in a hurry, they pitch in heavy fashion, but their speed is surprising. They do not move like cattle, but spread their hind feet like a horse. When the buffalo is going at full speed, his hind feet come up in front of his forefeet, almost on either side of his nose.

When bison graze, they scatter out, but on migration they travel in single file, and their trails are worn deep in the earth. The buffalo invariably follows the line of least resistance, and is an incomparable engineer. His paths were often followed by early surveyors.

Next morning it was time to leave the preserve. We were starting downhill when a herd of buffalo ambled across the road. We had to take to the ditch to avoid them. It was incongruous in the extreme to sit there and watch the contemporaries of the mastodon and the woolly mammoth stroll by in the sunlight.

Big bulls came in front, their massive heads a rich brown in the sun. Then came the cows; and last of all five babies less than a month old. They looked like small domestic calves; the characteristic buffalo hump did not show as yet, but they carried their heads low, as their noble leaders did.

Sometimes they skipped and kicked sidewise, sometimes they shoved

each other, but they followed the line. A bison calf is a sturdy little thing, and is able to follow the herd within a few hours of birth.

I wondered if the buffalo ever resented their visitors. I would have hated to have them resent us actively, for even in the car I did not feel we were their equal in combat. When they fight among themselves, they do not rush head on, but push each other around, then plunge their horns into an unprotected flank. When they were pursued by man, in the early days, they usually fled. But a bull might stop without warning, pivot on his forefeet, and charge.

Writers seem to differ widely about the buffalo's character. One will say he is very intelligent, another that he is sluggish, mild, and slow to learn by experience, while still a third insists that he has a one-track mind, so that whatever he does, he does with all his might.

Feeling personally interested, I asked the park superintendent about this. But it was like asking someone if his family was likely to be murderous and vicious. He said quite firmly that in his eyes the buffalo was the monarch of the plains, a peace-loving animal who had far too much dignity to indulge in treachery. "But to protect himself and his herd," the superintendent said, "when molested or cornered he becomes 1800 pounds of fighting fury, and uses his horns and hooves with a speed unbelievable in an animal of such size."

Four million praying visitors
won't faze the Romans

Rome Awaits the Pilgrims

By ANN CARNAHAN

Condensed from *This Week Magazine**

NO CITY in the world puts on a better spectacle than Rome. It earned a reputation for circuses, celebrations, coronations, carnivals, fairs, torchlight parades and spectacles in the days of the emperors.

But 1950, many say, will outdo anything in the past; for more than 4 million people will be visiting the Eternal City as it celebrates Holy Year.

The Romans have never been more enthusiastic about "company expected" than they are right now. The estimated 1 million Americans who are besieging the harassed clerks of American Express and Cook's could mean a \$500 million shot in the arm for the Italian economy.

The European Travel commission, guiding agency to 16 European countries, estimates that by mid-January all travel space to Europe for the period May 15 to August 15 will be booked. "Go earlier—or go later" is their advice. Before Easter

the vitality and seasoned hospitality of the Romans will be fresher. September, October and November are the best months of Roman weather—cool, sparkling, sunny days that make energetic sightseeing possible.

As an added inducement, airlines and shipping companies, trying to equalize their tourist load, have made reductions in round-trip fares. One may save as much as \$150 by flying to Rome during the "low season" before the rush, almost that much by sailing in the September-to-April period.

Rome is ready—come who will and whenever they will. Hostels have been built to accommodate some of the overflow guests; streets have been re-rolled and re-paved. The *Via della*

Conciliazione, leading from the River Tiber up to St. Peter's Square and the Holy City, has been completely torn up and made double width in accordance with the 500-year-old plan of Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's.



*Copyright, 1949, by the United Newspapers Corporation, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. Nov. 20, 1949.

Visitors to Italy can expect to gain at least 10 pounds, visible proof that travel is broadening. The spring and summer wheat crop was excellent, and visitors will be treated to the best of bread, whipped-cream-filled cakes and pastries, *pasta* (macaroni, spaghetti in 20 sizes and shapes), noodles green and white, *pizza* pies topped with fresh cheese, and *cannelloni* (pancake stuffed, rolled, and elegantly sauced). The new Frascati wines, red Chianti, St. Peter's beer, first-press olive oil for salads, green beans for making strong Italian coffee are stored in warehouses from the Tiber to the Appian Way.

If all roads lead to Rome; certainly the heart of a Rome visit is the Vatican. The ancient Capitoline art collections, the Colosseum by moonlight, the wedding-cake architecture of the Victor Emmanuel monument are small competition for the wonders of Bramante, Michelangelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico and Leonardo da Vinci which are crowded together in the world's smallest independent nation, the Vatican.

Although the Holy City is only the size of an 18-hole golf course, and much of this is gardens or closed to the public, it has more than three miles of art collections, five amazing libraries with some of the world's rarest books and manuscripts, and the six-acre basilica of St. Peter's which, with its treasures, is a delight to eyes and heart for many days of sight-seeing.

A Vatican visitor needs a keen

Ann Carnahan is the author of the new book, *The Vatican—Behind the Scenes in the Holy City*. (Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc., 53 E. 34th St., New York City, 16.)

eye. In the galleries there is always the temptation to turn away from the Gutenberg Bible or the displays of coins, manuscripts and maps, and stare down from the windows into the Belvedere courtyard where the Swiss guards are at daily gun drill, or Pope Pius XII's chauffeur, Comandatore Stoppa, supervises the polishing of the Holy Father's Cadillac.

Passing through the Raphael loggia, where the famed "Raphael Bible" is painted on the ceiling, the tourist can look across to the opposite wing of the palace where the Pope lives and works. From almost any window there is a view of the majestic dome of St. Peter's. Designed by Michelangelo, its graceful curves are awe-inspiring from any angle, at any time. If the proposed canonization of saints takes place during Holy Year, the great dome will be lighted with thousands of oil torches to celebrate the event.

The Sistine Chapel, with Michelangelo's ceiling fresco of the creation and fall of man, the miniature chapel of Nicholas V decorated by the saintly Fra Angelico, the tapestries of Leonardo da Vinci, the madonnas of Raphael in the rooms set aside for his work, the mosaic studio, the post office for souvenir buyers,

and, if possible, an audience with the Pope are musts on almost every list.

But it is beneath the dome, in the basilica of St. Peter, that most of the Holy Year activity and the Vatican's greatest treasures are centered.

Beginning Christmas Eve with a candlelight ceremony that dates back to the first Jubilee or Holy Year in 1300, St. Peter's church will be visited by thousands who, in accordance with the requirements of the Church, seek special indulgences.

On this very special occasion, the grandeur of which is approached only at Easter or on the anniversary of the Pope's coronation, a procession is formed to escort the Holy Father from his apartments to the walled-up Holy Door in St. Peter's. White-froked singers of the famous Sistine choir lead, followed by the Sacred College of Cardinals, the gaily costumed Swiss Guards, the Noble, Pontifical and Palatine Guards; then the papal household in Elizabethan black broadcloth and lace. The Pope, wearing his triple tiara of gold, is carried by the *sedarii* in red damask knee breeches and coats.

Singing the versicle "Open unto me, ye gates of justice," the Holy Father taps three times upon the special door, and the masonry (plaster, which has been loosened beforehand) is made to fall in at the third blow. This same ceremony is supervised by cardinals at St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran and St. Paul Out-

side-the-Walls, and officially opens the Holy Year.

Outside of being an onlooker at such occasions in the basilica, the visitor has a whole world to explore.

He can, with patience, follow the sun as it streams down through the hundreds of windows in the great dome to light upon and reveal great works of art kept there.

He can, with fortitude, climb on foot the thousands of steps that lead up into the dome. On the first roof there is a little village of shops, a post office, a photographer's studio, and workrooms of the San Petri, whose charge is the upkeep of the church. Still higher, and running around the inside of the gold-and-mosaic-paved dome like a hatband, is a narrow balcony. There the tourist may look down into the basilica or whisper against the wall to have his words travel perfectly to a friend on the far side.

Still climbing, he may reach the top porch. Here there is an incomparable view of the whole city. Before him, St. Peter's square, the fountains, horse-drawn carriages, the long graceful arms of the Bernini colonnades—and, farther away, the seven hills of Rome crowned with palaces, statues and gardens.

A full about-face and the tourist sees the patch of ground that is all of the miniature state—the world's smallest railway line, a tiny three-cell jail, the Ethiopian college. He sees the beautiful locked gardens that run from wall to wall surround-

ing the Governor's palace, the radio station, the power plant and the mosaic factory. Occasionally in the late afternoon, between three and five o'clock, it is possible to pick out the

small white-clad figure of Pope Pius XII pacing a path near the old observatory—the solitary figure who is the center and fulcrum of the whole great panorama.

Flights of Fancy

He folded his arms and held the pain behind his elbows.

—Josephine Werner.

He had overindulged, and the little house handed him from wall to wall, helping him in.

—Malachy Gerard Carroll.

The librarian blended into the cobwebs.

—John R. West.

The narrow blacktop slid itself under the speeding truck.

—Mack Morris.

Aunts running around like ants.

—Susanne Klein.

When I walk with you, I feel as if I had a flower in my buttonhole.

—W. M. Thackeray.

Her face was her chaperone.

—Rupert Hughes.

As anxious for anonymity as the unprepared student.

—John Kiley.

The Russian's infrequent smile broke, like the ice on the Yukon.

—Gen. Frank Howley.

They came into the seaside store and sniffed themselves back fifty years.

—Carrie French.

The football squirted out of his hands.

—Bill Stern.

A small boy plump full of whyness.

—Gerhard Baerg.

A cheek like the dough your mother left to set overnight.

—Norman Katkov.

Her anger grew like a pilot light, lighting the burners of her body.

—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

Breadline: a worm that walks like a man.

—Heywood Brown.

The elevator stopped, moaned, shook itself, and let them out.

—Vera Henry.

Mist began to spread a spider mesh across the valley.

—Rita Weiman.

Yellow fog mingling with the white breath from the sewers.

—*Liberty.*

A car picking its way through the mist.

—Bennett Cerf.

Scaffolding of dusty sunbeams crisscrossing in from the high windows.

—Bruce Marshall.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

BOOK SECTION



The Trapps Come to America

By MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP

Condensed from a book*

EVERYONE knows who the Trapp Family Singers are. They and their chaplain-conductor, Father Wasner, have traveled all over America, giving concerts, gathering funds and foodstuffs for Austrian war relief. The latest recognition of their accomplishments was signalized Nov. 15, 1949, when Maria Augusta Trapp received the *Benemerenti* medal conferred by Pope Pius XII for "distinguished service."

Now everyone can read the wonderful story of their life together in Baroness Trapp's new book. This selection tells the story of their first few months in America. Hitler had just invaded Austria, and was stamping out the traditions and ideals the Trapps held dear, when they were offered a chance to come on concert tour to the U. S. Though the Baroness was expecting a baby, and the family could not take any money out of their country, they jumped at the chance. It was September, 1938.

***The Story of the Trapp Family Singers.** Copyright, 1949, by Maria Augusta Trapp. Published by J. P. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia, 5, Pa. 309 pp. \$3.50.

*The Baroness learns English, says "scram" to a
bishop, and has a baby*

The Trapps Come to America

By MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP



AFTER three days at sea I decided that we had to learn English: in America all the people talked that language.

"All right. If I have to learn English, let's go!"

When my husband noticed my eagerness, he said teasingly, "Do you know how you can learn English in 24 hours? You learn every hour one-twenty-fourth!"

This was about what I had in mind, when, on the first clear, sunny day, with people on deck, I came along, fortified with a pencil and a pad, listening to the people talking. When I had discovered a group of English-speaking ladies and gentlemen, I approached them and said, with the politest inflection of my voice, the only phrase I knew, "Please, vat is fat?" I pointed to my watch.

"A watch," a gentleman answered, looking very friendly.

"E Votsch," I wrote down seriously. "And fat?" pointing to my ring.

"Ring," he answered.

"In English, please?" I asked.

"Ring," he repeated and smiled.

And this was the beginning of a unique English course. These people saw my serious desire to master their language in as short a time as possible; and they turned out to be perfectly wonderful about it. After we had pointed all over me, them, and the immediate surroundings, I filled my little notebook with such precious words as: *E Neiff, E Spuhn, Dschentlman, Tschield, manni, Dschuhss, Refjudschie, bjut-ijull, ei, juh.*

Soon we proceeded from mere words to little phrases, like: *Haudu-judu, Denksverrimatsch, Haa-matsch, Hooatsdeteim.*

One day dear Miss Powell, an English actress and a very lovely lady, started to work on my pronunciation.

"You must not say 'vat,' darling," she told me. Say '*Hoo-wat,*'" and she brought forth a little mirror; "*'Hoo-wen,' 'hoo-were.'*"

One of the group, an American doctor, was a great wit. He also took me alone for private lessons. Without warning me, he taught me a lot of slang. With a serious face, I wrote down, "If somebody is very

excited and you want him to calm down, just say.... If you want someone to leave the room quickly, just say...." I was deeply grateful to Dr. Johnson, but especially so some weeks later when situations arose in which his advice came in most handy.

Our Americanization process took on speed. Our friends invited us for some real American drinks: ginger ale, Coca-Cola, and root beer. Ginger ale was fine, but Coca-Cola and root beer I declined decidedly, after the first taste.

"That's too American," I protested.

We learned from Dr. Johnson the American currency: pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and bucks.

Then—America!

Completely bewildered, that is what we all were when three taxis spilled us out in front of the Hotel Wellington, us and our 56 pieces of luggage; all the instruments in their cases, the spinet, four gambas, eight recorders, the big trunks with the concert costumes, and our private belongings, one of the bags marked "Barbara von Trapp," containing all the dainty little things our babies had worn.

While I was standing on the sidewalk waiting for the unloading, I spelled slowly what the huge lighted letters said: "D-R-U-G-S-T-O-R-E." It was the first time that I had met the word. In Europe we didn't have drugstores. How relieved I felt!

"That's good," I thought. "I am

living in the hotel with the drugstore. I can never get lost in New York!"

The tallest houses in Vienna have five or six stories. When the elevator took us to the 19th floor, we simply couldn't believe it. We rushed immediately to the windows and shudderingly looked down into the deep gorge. At the bottom crawled little cars and tiny men. That was the first thing we reported home, "and we live on the 19th floor!"

Our last meal had been lunch on board. It was around 8 o'clock and we were all hungry. But we were not on the boat any more, where all we had to do was sit down at a full table three times a day. The cruel question had to be raised now: how much money do we have? After all the pockets had been emptied, and every nickel and dime from all 12 of us had been collected, it showed a fabulous sum: \$4. That had to do for breakfast and supper, and tomorrow we would ask Mr. Wagner, who was going to manage us in America, for some money in advance. The boys were sent downstairs with two dollars to buy bread, butter and fruit. Fresh fruit had been scarce on board, but on land the fall is a good time to buy fruit cheaply, and we feasted on quantities of apples, plums, pears, and grapes.

As we were all very tired from so much standing around and waiting, we soon went to bed. After putting our shoes outside the doors of our rooms, as was done in all Euro-

pean hotels, we retired. We were awakened by the night watchman, who informed us that not only would our shoes most certainly not be shined next morning, but they might not be there any more.

Next morning I wished my husband's hat ironed before he appeared at the manager's office in it. To my great astonishment I learned in the lobby that for this I had to go to a shoemaker's. Georg and the boys brought back the startling news that their shoes had been shined at the barber shop. What a strange country!

Now I went out to look for that shoemaker to straighten the hat. I went around the block and around another block, and around a third block, not paying any attention to the numbers of the streets. I didn't have to. Just in case I should get lost, I knew where I belonged. I was so impressed by the fact that I lived in the hotel with the drugstore that it hadn't occurred to me to remember the name of the hotel. After quite some searching I found my shoemaker. The hat was ironed, but I discovered that I was completely lost. Never mind.

I stepped up to the next policeman and said very politely, "Dear Mr. Cop, where is hotel with drugstore?"

To this very day I have a tender affection for those tall New York policemen, because this one got me back safely to the Wellington.

Then we went to see Mr. Wagner.

We thanked him again for getting us to America. He most willingly let us have money in advance. The concert tour would start in a week. So far, he had 18 dates of the 40 promised.

Since I would have to appear on the stage, my greatest worry had been how to keep Barbara's presence concealed from the world. She was expected to arrive in January. At home I had had Mimi, a seamstress in a near-by village, a smart little woman. To her I had confided my problem.

"Oh, that's very easy, Madame," she had said right away. "All you have to do is see to it that you are always a little fuller above than below. Then you will just look stout, that's all."

"But Mimi, how can I possibly arrange that?" I had asked a little helplessly.

"Let me do that for you," she answered somewhat cryptically, and told me to come again in a week.

On the appointed day she presented me with three sizes of supplements to my upper width. No. 3 was perfectly enormous. Unbelieving, I glanced from the pinkish things on the table to Mimi, who nodded approvingly.

"Yes," she said, "I mean it. You put them on in due time and no one will ever get an inkling."

It was now September and I was wearing No. 2. With a sigh of great relief, I noticed that the contraption seemed to work. Mr. Wagner didn't

give the slightest sign of astonishment at finding me so portly. Three cheers for Mimi.

Very happy, with money in our pockets, we took our leave. No thank you, we would not need a guide any more. We had learned how terribly simple it was to get around New York. After Fifth Ave. comes Sixth, and Seventh; and the streets are not named after flowers, birds, trees, or famous people as they are in Europe, but they are numbered.

Now we were out for a really good meal. We had learned to read a menu from right to left; we knew also that whatever it said on the menu of the hotel dining room, which was fastened inside the elevator, it would be too expensive for us. We discovered opposite the hotel an eating place called "Cafeteria." The prices were very reasonable, and the people who owned it were Chinese and very friendly. There we assembled three times a day. The limit we could each spend for lunch was 35c; breakfast, 15c; and supper, 50c. But at that time, if we chose wisely, we could get plenty—except me. I was always hungry. I tried to restrain my appetite because my glance in the mirrors and the show windows had shown me that I was slowly taking on the dimensions of a chest of drawers.

None of the people we had met on the boat lived in New York. We had no acquaintances and no friends, no letters of introduction to anybody.

We discovered the New World by ourselves. We learned the difference between uptown and downtown. We found out that museums and galleries could be visited free of charge. We discovered the vast possibilities of a drugstore, where on Sunday, when everything else was closed, you could buy anything from pencils and stationery to hot water bottles, alarm clocks, and jewelry. We learned to sit at the counter with poise, and order in the tone of an old-timer, "Ham on rye," or "Two soft-boiled medium."

Wherever we met fellow countrymen, we learned of true adventure stories. There was, for instance, the incident that happened to a priest friend of ours. When he first arrived in this country, he went to a Religious house.

The lay Brother who showed him to his quarters asked, "Is there anything else you would need, Father?"

"Well," said the Father thoughtfully, "a set of new bowels every Saturday. Just hang them on the doorknob." The lay Brother seemed so startled by this request, that Father had to point to a towel to illustrate his wish.

We didn't want to take the little girls on the concert tour. We looked for an inexpensive boarding school. Mr. Wagner's office helped us. We found the Ursuline academy in the Bronx for \$35 a month apiece. When we left Rosmarie and Lorli in their new school, we felt sorry for them. They had grown up in the country,

surrounded by meadows and trees, and there in the Bronx there was only asphalt; not a single blade of grass was to be seen. But the Sisters were very kind, and the children would learn English faster than we.

Once I wished to visit the children to find out how they were doing. I walked by myself down to the subway. Although I had learned that there was more than one drugstore, I had not learned that there was more than one subway in New York. I also disregarded the warning signs, "Uptown—Downtown," and felt proud to see myself finally sitting in a fast train because, I decided, it would bring me there quicker. When the train stopped for good, and all the people got out, I learned that I was far away from the Bronx. The funniest thing of all was that the subway had turned into an elevated, and instead of walking up to the street, I had to walk down. There I was completely forlorn. But again to my rescue—a policeman. This time he was sitting in a car.

"Dear Mr. Cop Inspector," I said confidently, "Help! Children in school. Bronx. How come?"

This he couldn't possibly know, but he understood me perfectly. "You want to go there? Come on, get in my car."

We drove and drove. All of a sudden he turned around and said, "Tunnel, river above."

I closed my eyes, and I'm sure I went pale. What a terribly dangerous place this New York was with

elevateds, escalators, subways, and tunnels. He got me safely to my Bronx convent, and the New York police department had another jewel in its crown.

This whole trip was a mistake. When my little girls saw me, they clung to me and didn't want to let me go, crying bitterly. It was heart-breaking.

While the others explored the city, finding places like the Public Library, Central Park, Radio City, Barbara and I preferred to stay home in the hotel. My mind was stubbornly set on learning English. I read every advertisement in subways, on buses, on street corners, and in elevators.

I invented a method all my own, in which I applied what I had learned about one word to as many like-sounding words as I could find. This proved later to be fatally wrong, and it still haunts my English. For instance, I had learned "freeze—frozen." I wrote underneath in my precious little notebook, "squeeze—squozen," and "sneeze—snozen." Proudly I talked about someone being a "thunkard," explaining wordily that if drinking makes a person a drunkard, so thinking makes him a "thunkard." When I admired the tall "hice" in New York, I got quite offended because people seemed to overlook the logical similarity between "mouse—mice" and "house—hice."

Especially is it bad if you translate the Bible literally. The effect was

tremendous when I informed "a group of people that: "The ghost was willing, but the meat was soft."

The day arrived when a big blue bus with the inscriptions "Special Coach" and "Trapp Family Choir" quivered in front of the Hotel Wellington, swallowing the 56 bags and the ten members of the Trapp family choir. As we had no home in America, we had to take all our baggage with us. A friendly, broad-shouldered driver greeted us. Very soon he grasped the idea that his was the noble task of introducing us into American ways of thinking and living, as we were the greenest greenhorns he had ever driven over American soil.

He did a perfect job. From time to time he used to shout.

"Let me explain something to you!"

That was a warning which made everyone stop doing whatever he was doing, and listen enraptured to an explanation such as, "This is the largest airplane factory in the world," or "Now we are coming into Kentucky — hillbillies and moonshine." Remarks like this were somewhat mysterious to us. In my little dictionary I could find neither "hillbillies" nor "moonshine," but somehow it was an impression of Kentucky which has stayed with me through the years.

Very soon we found out that the concerts were not the hardest part of the evenings. The receptions were the hardest. Georg especially hated

that kind of torture with all his heart. I hardly dared look at him when, after a concert, the chairman of the ladies' committee would announce cheerfully, "And now we have a little reception."

One evening, as we were lined up as usual, I noticed a mischievous glint in my husband's eyes as he greeted the ladies. He simply beamed and said something to each one. I had to find out what was so funny and I moved closer and closer. All of a sudden, I had to use my handkerchief to suppress a severe attack of coughing. I heard what he was saying in our native tongue. It was, "376, 377, 378. . . ."

And each lady answered, quite flattered, "Oh, thank you."

He was counting them! When we finally met, coffee in hand, all he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, was, "611!"

Once we gave a concert in a small college conducted by Sisters in the South. It was their first concert, and Reverend Mother, a tiny, elderly nun, was nervous. She was bustling around backstage with eyes like a frightened bird. I felt sorry for her, and wanted to console her. Then what Dr. Johnson had told me flashed through my mind, "If somebody is very nervous and you want to calm him down, simply say. . . ." and I said it as reassuringly as I could, "Oh, Reverend Mother, please keep your shirt on." She did.

Another time, in the Middle West, we were invited to a bishop's house:

By that time we had learned that there are bishops and bishops. Some are informal and paternal, so that you can almost forget who they are and say, full of confidence, "Father." Some, however, can never quite take off the mitre. They are bishops, every inch of them, with all the dignity and authority of the Church. They are quite breath-taking. Such a one had invited us to dinner, and, of course, it was a formal dinner with speeches and so on. There were also his chancellor, a few monsignors, and other dignitaries, and, sitting next to the bishop, I was exhausting my best English a mile a minute. After grace was said, on the way from the dining room into the library, the bishop and I met in the doorway. Politely he motioned me to go first, but, of course, I knew better. I wanted His Excellency by all means to precede me. Motioning to each other, we caused a traffic jam. Then that same spark enlightened me (hurray for Dr. Johnson!) "If you want someone to leave the room quickly, just say. . . ." And so, looking up into the bishop's eyes, I said confidently and with my best enunciation, "Please, Bishop, scram."

The effect on his entourage was absolutely petrifying, but the bishop's laughter was hearty.

It was now December and I was wearing No. 3. The newspapers mentioned the "stately" mother, the "majestic" figure, but that was all. I avoided looking into mirrors or

show windows, and was wondering whether it wasn't perhaps twins, and whether the other one would be a boy. It didn't occur to me, however, to ask a doctor. After all, I wasn't sick; not really, at least, because very swollen feet and a severe ache in the back I had learned to get used to.

Barbara and I had it a little harder each day of this tour. It was not exactly fun to be jostled for hours and hours in a bus, to change clothes several times each day before, during, and after concerts, to rehearse every morning and sing every evening, to climb in and out of the bus, to sleep each night in a different bed. It was hard to eat the new kinds of food, such as mayonnaise on a pear (pooh!) or that funny coffee, a whole big cup full and only a drop of cream, when one was used to a whole cup of hot milk with a little coffee added; or ham cured with sugar, or melons with salt and pepper. On the other hand, it was absolutely impossible to procure for love or money a single bite of any of the special dishes for which I longed with my whole being. It seemed so silly, but often for hours I would dream of *Schinkensemmel*, or *Apfelstrudel*. But Barbara and I didn't have time to pay too much attention to these little hardships.

While passing through New York, we wished to report to "Grandpa Wagner" how nicely everything had gone with the concerts. This was Barbara's eighth month, and by now I was convinced that anyone

had to be unconscious, blind, deaf, and dumb not to notice "it." In the course of the conversation I remarked casually, "Of course, I shall be happy when the baby is finally here."

The old bachelor jumped up as if stung. "Whose baby?" he asked.

"Why—mine—" I said innocently.

The effect was tragic. He canceled immediately all of our remaining concerts. Our tour came to a sudden end right then and there. He really had had no idea—wasn't that too bad! What a blow! Fewer concerts meant less money, and we needed every cent. What next?

A little depressed, we went to the Hotel Wellington. There we met Mrs. Pessl, the mother of Yella Pessl, the harpsichordist, and a former acquaintance from Vienna. She and Professor Alexander Wunderer, the first oboist in the Vienna Philharmonic, had already helped us greatly during the first stages of our musical life back in Austria. It was good to see her again.

"Well, children," she said, and came directly to the point, "there is only one thing to do if you want to have success in America. You have to give a Town Hall concert. Every artist who wants to make his way has to do that. And for that you need a publicity agent."

"A what?"

"Why—don't you have someone to do publicity for you?" she asked, quite astonished.

"To do what for us?" we asked.

That was too much for the kind-hearted lady, mother of an artist, who knew what was what.

"But children, children, this is terrible!" And right there and then she called the girl who did all the publicity for her daughter, and had her come over to the Wellington. We shouldn't lose a day, Mrs. Pessl insisted.

Edith Behrens came, and she and Mrs. Pessl explained to us the meaning and importance of a concert in Town Hall, New York. It would cost us \$700, and at this thought we shuddered, but it might be worth millions, and this made us hopeful again.

It should be staged as soon as possible, and Mrs. Pessl's eyes wandered over me. No No. 3 could cheat her, I could see that. The first date available at Town Hall would be in two weeks, Edith learned on the telephone. Father Wasner approved the idea most heartily, and with a deep gulp we accepted.

"That gives us time for publicity," Mrs. Pessl said, very satisfiedly; and so it did. Our peace and our privacy were gone. Edith followed us with one or more photographers wherever we went, whatever we did, and pictures appeared in the newspapers: the Trapp Family Eating at the Chinese Restaurant; the Trapp Family Sight-Seeing; Craning Their Necks at Rockefeller Center; Window-Shopping on Fifth Avenue; Looking Out of the Bus; Getting Into a Trolley Car; Crossing the

Street; Coming Down Steps. We got used to the idea of jamming traffic on steps in stores, hotels, movie houses — everywhere — to be photographed while doing so. The Trapp Family Rehearsing in Their Hotel Room; Father Wasner (oh, how he hated it!) Directing, Reading a Score, Eating English Muffins (his favorite breakfast dish), Getting a Shoe Shine.

Then came the interviews by *Time* and the *Times*, *Life*, the *Herald-Tribune*, the *Sun*, the *Daily News*, *P. M.*: "When did you arrive in this country?" "How do you like America?" "Why did you leave Europe?" "What is the difference in the food?" "Why do you wear those funny dresses?" We tried desperately to talk about music and our program, but Edith assured us that the public was much more interested in the other questions.

With all the publicity, the Town Hall concert was a great success. We were all very happy with the reviews. One critic especially, who remarked on the "handsome, portly Madame von Trapp," sent us into gales of laughter.

Christmas passed quietly and peacefully. Dorothy and Rex Crawford, Miriam and Otto Albrecht, our neighbor, Mrs. Hurlburt, and some more of their friends, the Drinkers included, dropped baskets and packages at our door, and the poor refugees from Austria saw themselves confronted with six turkeys and baskets with pies, fruit and

other edibles, books and toys for the little ones, and books and records for the grownups. When Georg had seen my tears at the prospect of having only electric lights on the trees, he went all over town and finally found real candles and candle holders. Now the last cloud had vanished, and it was the most beautiful Christmas we could remember.

Slowly we discovered that it was even beautiful at times to be regarded as poor, because one discovered such riches in one's neighbor's heart, and there was so much genuine love all around.

The day after Christmas I figured it was time for Barbara and me to get ready. I asked Rupert to bring me Barbara's suitcase, and emptied its contents on my large bed: shirts of fine muslin with tiny shirrings and pleatings; costly embroidered coverlets; delicate little silken gowns; fancy show dresses; every item with a tiny embroidered monogram and coronet. I had just laid them out all over the room when Mrs. Drinker appeared on the scene. Not without pride I showed her these little treasures.

Quietly her eyes wandered over my exhibition, and, perfectly unmoved, she asked dryly, "And who is going to wash and iron all this every day?"

I hadn't thought that far ahead yet. When Mrs. Drinker noticed this, she took over immediately. With eyes and mind of a general she surveyed my almost desperate

situation: a battle to come, with no ammunition to fight it.

"Pack that silly stuff away and come with me. We'll go shopping for some sensible things." I tried hard to swallow my hurt feelings, while she tried just as hard to drive home the point. She said, "A baby doesn't need all that. Three shirts, a couple dozen diapers, and a pair of rubber pants is enough. You have to become practical now—practical, don't you see? You are poor, don't forget." The words sounded hard, but the eyes betrayed a deeply concerned heart. In looking back over the years I can see now what she went through in watching this newcomer waste her time and her little money on things of the past which had only sentimental value. How lucky I was to have such a sturdy friend to put things straight for me in those confusing and bewildering days. How often do we meet refugees who had arrived in this country at the same time as we without such a friend to guide their first steps. They never really "made it"; they live unhappily between two continents.

But at the moment I didn't see how you could possibly bring a baby into the world with just three shirts, a couple of dozen diapers and a pair of rubber pants. But there is no use arguing with a general. That much I felt right away.

Of course, I had expected that we would go to a baby store, as I would have done in Europe. But, oh no! It

was one of those hopelessly big department stores, in which I always felt so absolutely lost. I never could find my way around or my way out again, and I was always tempted to take along a spool of thread, tie it to a doorknob, and then go lightheartedly off from counter to counter, feeling sure I could always spool my way back.

But Mrs. Drinker didn't need a spool of thread. Straightaway she headed for the baby counter. There we bought a few very sober-looking knitted things, which I didn't even recognize as shirts at first. Mrs. Drinker took no notice at all of my reserved, almost hostile silence towards American baby clothes. She did all the shopping necessary, and in no time we were sitting in her car again and driving home. She was very pleased. It was a "White Week," and everything was marked down.

"Aren't you glad?" she said. "You have saved more than \$3 on the whole deal!"

"Yes, Mrs. Drinker," I answered meekly, but unconvinced.

Time and again, Mrs. Drinker told me that one had to have a doctor and go to a hospital to have a baby. I was finally persuaded to make one concession: the doctor. But go to a hospital—that was ridiculous. What for? I wasn't sick. In Europe you went to a hospital when you were sick, and many people died there, but babies were born at home. In the hospital would they

allow my husband to sit at my bedside? Could I hold his hand, look into his eyes? Could my family be in the next room, singing and praying? The answer to all these questions was No.

All right, that settled it. I tried to explain that a baby had to be born into a home, received by loving hands, not into a hospital, surrounded by ghostly-looking doctors and masked nurses, into the atmosphere of sterilizers and antiseptics. That's why I would ask the doctor to come to our house.

But I had to find the doctor first. I tried many, but each time I mentioned the words "at home" they didn't want to take the case.

When I was very tired and discouraged, I found a young doctor in our neighborhood, bright but a little nervous about the whole idea, who said he would come.

I consoled him. "Don't you worry. There is nothing wrong. I know all about it. It is the most natural thing in the world. You just have to sit in the next room, and I'll call you when I need you."

His eyes widened, and he opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again in utter amazement. And so it happened. The evening came when I knew it was time. Everything went the old way. The family gathered in the living room reciting the Rosary aloud. Then they sang hymns. Then they prayed again. The doors were

open, and I could hear them. Georg was there next to me, and his good, firm hands patted me once in a while, as he repeated, "Soon she will be here, our Barbara," and then we both smiled. The doctor had not come yet.

Then it had to be. "Call him now and tell him to be quick!"

When he arrived, he looked troubled. He had a nurse with him, a sweet-looking young girl. They were washing their hands when all of a sudden I had to squeeze Georg's hand very hard, and time seemed to stand still. Then I heard a funny little squeak. The doctor, pale, beads of perspiration on his forehead, turned to me and said—I couldn't understand what—and then carried something in his right hand through the room. It was all over. At that minute a full chorale downstairs started: "Now thank we all our God!"

The doctor, in the middle of the room, turned around.

"What's that?" he gasped.

And then I saw what he was holding: my precious baby—head down!

My heart almost stopped. I was sure he would drop her.

"Watch out! Don't break her!" I cried.

"Her! Why—it's a boy!" he said reproachfully.

What? I must have misunderstood. Georg bent over me.

"Barbara is a boy," he smiled.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Brunini, John Gilland, and Connolly, Francis X., editors. *STORIES OF OUR CENTURY* BY CATHOLIC AUTHORS. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 317 pp. \$3. Entertainment from tested pens. Samplings of English, Irish, and American writers from Frank H. Spearman to Evelyn Waugh and J. F. Powers.

Fremantle, Anne. *DESERT CALLING*. New York: Holt. 364 pp. \$4. Charles de Foucauld, wastrel soldier and explorer, meets the Sahara Berber tribesmen. Years later, lives among them as a hermit to draw them to Christ by his charity and poverty.

Havighurst, Walter and Marion. *SONG OF THE PINES; a Story of Norwegian Lumbering in Wisconsin (Land of the Free Series)*. Philadelphia: Winston. 205 pp., illus. \$2.50. Novel of the hard work and happy prospects that met an ambitious boy and a farming family from Norway in the last century. For young people.

Holleran, Mary P. *CHURCH AND STATE IN GUATEMALA*. New York: Columbia University Press. 359 pp. \$4.75. Almost complete control over Church affairs was exercised by Spanish kings in colonial times. Republican governments have taken away the possessions that made control desirable. A dormant religion must now be awakened by a Church with few resources and lowered prestige.

Leonard, Irving A. *BOOKS OF THE BRAVE; Being an Account of Books and of Men in the Spanish Conquest of the New World*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 381 pp., illus. \$5. Romances of chivalry that inspired Don Quixote's madness in fighting windmills led flesh-and-blood Spaniards to barter their lives for fame and treasure in America.

Maynard, Theodore. *HENRY THE EIGHTH*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 431 pp. \$3.75. Sixteenth-century England and a talented king whose politics and love of money led him to reach for the authority of the Pope and to lay the way open for his nation's loss of the faith he once professed.

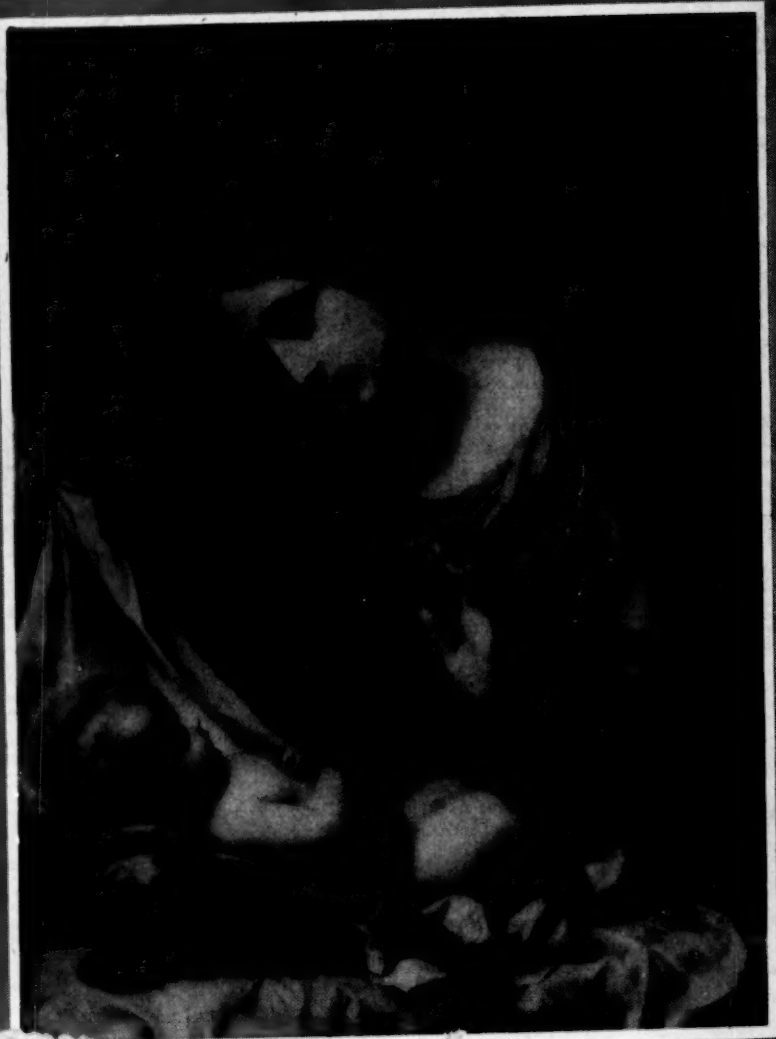
Oursler, Fulton and Will. *FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN*. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday. 302 pp. \$3. The whole story of Boys Town and the courageous priest who built it. Full of warm humor and kindly emotion.

Sheed, F. J., compiler. *SAINTS ARE NOT SAD; Forty Biographical Portraits*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 441 pp. \$3.75. Good writing about some good men and women; best one-volume collection in a decade. Contributors include C. C. Martin-dale, Vincent McNabb, Belloc, Chesterton, and Ida Coudenrove.

Thérèse, St. *COLLECTED LETTERS OF SAINT THERÈSE OF LISIEUX; Translated by F. J. Sheed*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 394 pp. \$3.75. Unstudied, familiar lines to her sisters and friends show an affectionate but objective personality never deviating from its love for Christ.

Tunink, Wilfrid, and Burbach, Maur. *OUR FAMILY BOOK OF LIFE*. Box 5943, Westport Sta., Kansas City, 2, Mo.: Designs for Christian Living. \$5. A record book for the sacramental highlights of all members of the family. A volume to be treasured.

White, Charles I. *MOTHER SETON, Mother of Many Daughters*. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday. 300 pp. \$2.50. Significant work on an American woman and her founding of the Sisters of Charity.



VIRGIN WITH CHILD CARLO BOLANI